



No. 327.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



A GEM FROM THE ACADEMY: MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON'S FINE PICTURE, "LAUS DEO!"

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THE ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

The eminently English artistic event of the year—the opening of the doors of the Royal Academy to the public—has come and gone, and we are in possession of the work record during the past twelve months of that multitudinous crowd whose pictures hang on those classic walls. Taking the rooms in order, I may refer first to Mr. D. A. Wehrschnmidt's "Down Among the Dead Men," if only for the fact that he makes the mistake of supposing that "dead men" mean human beings, and not merely empty bottles. At least, I trust it is a mistake, and not a wanton misreading. Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Hunter" is here for you, brilliant and magical—here and there too purely impressionist, and with a perplexing right hand that justifies itself to careful observation. Mr. La Thangue's "Cider Apples" is a wonderful achievement in sunshine, breadth of feeling, and perfect sureness of touch; but I prefer Mr. Clausen's beautiful "Going to Work," with its tender suggestion of dawn. Mr. W. W. Ouless's "Hon. Lucius O'Brien" has firm and strong character. In the second room, Mr. Sargent's

mastery flesh-painting in both shadow and sunshine, painting broad and sweeping, yet with a perfect unity of effect and with magnificence of colour and modelling. And the splendid green sea, alive in the sunlight, and the rocks, bold and contrasting, are all part of a finely coherent whole. The sixth room has Mr. Sargent's "Lady Faudel Phillips," an astonishing work, with, you would say, a perfection of character, and marked by no less than a startling certainty of hand and eye and by a scornful assurance of technique. "Gossip," by Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., has all that painter's refined quality and more than his customary breadth of manner. The seventh room gives you Mr. C. Napier Hemy, with one of his clever and powerful, if somewhat hard seas, in "Smugglers," and a charming portrait of "Kathleen, Daughter of the Rev. John Webster," by Mr. Bramley, A.R.A. In the eighth room, Mr. Charles Kerr has a masterful and compelling portrait called "Myself," and Mr. T. C. Gotch, in his "Pageant of Children," is tender and accomplished. Then there are acres of dulness.

To the New Gallery this year Mr. Sargent, R.A., contributes only one portrait; but I am inclined to think it ranks higher than any, for



THE TIDE ON WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN.—TALBOT HUGHES.

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Copyright reserved by the Artist.]

"Miss Octavia Hill" is strikingly clever, but it is not the artist at his best. Here, too, is the first of three pictures representing the Diamond Jubilee scene outside St. Paul's, this particular one being by Mr. Andrew Gow, R.A. Mr. Waterlow, A.R.A., is always good up to a certain definite point in his feeling for landscape, and he is nearly at his best in "La Côte d'Azur," which hangs near Mr. William E. Norton's "An Arctic Whaler," that, lit by a real sun, has an idea of the spaces and the terror of the sea. In the third room, Professor Herkomer, R.A., brings a curiously Orchardsonian portrait of Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. It is far and away the best portrait I have seen by Professor Herkomer for a long time. "On the Road to Mandalay," by Mr. Goodall, R.A., is not a very interesting landscape, and, that being so, it is a pity that the artist rejects Mr. Kipling's express instructions that the "Burmah Gal" had a "yaller" petticoat, and that her "little cap was green." Mr. W. Logsdail's "A Venetian Interior of the Eighteenth Century" gives a real sense of rich spaces and beautiful colouring. In the fourth room, Mr. Alfred East's "A Coombe on the Cotswolds" is altogether charming. Mr. La Thangue's "Harrowing" is amazing in the glory of its sunlight, and near it hangs Mr. J. J. Shannon's extremely clever portrait of the Lady Ulrica Duncombe. The fifth room undoubtedly contains the picture of the year, in Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "The Diver." Here, if anywhere, you get

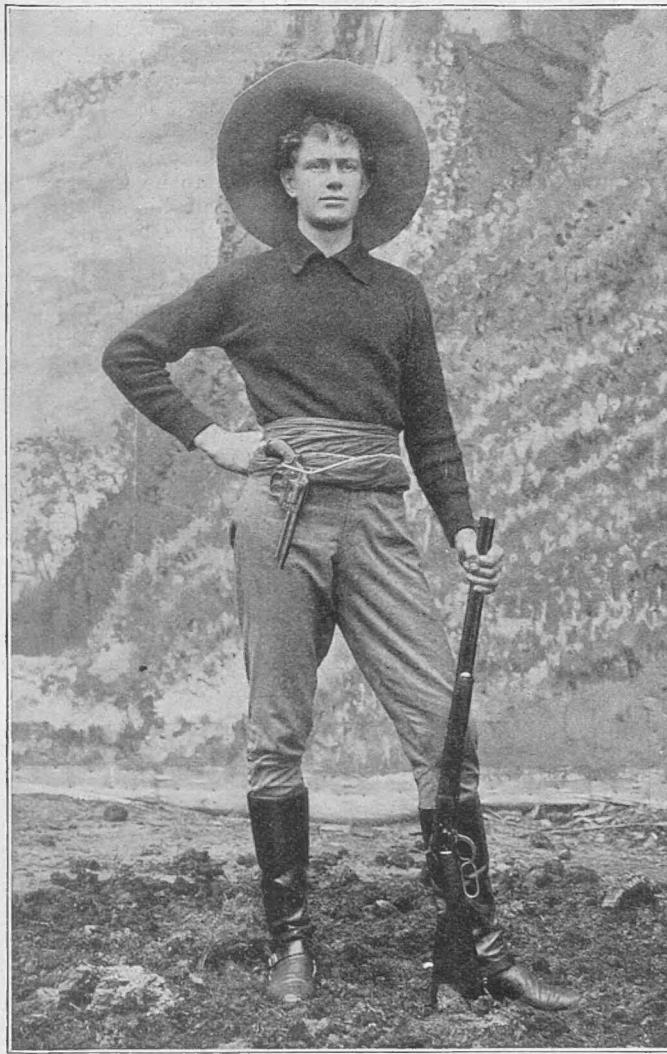
certain qualities, that hang in the Royal Academy. His "Colonel Ian Hamilton" is triumphant in the technique devoted to the painting of the sitter's head and of his hands—a technique into which the artist has breathed a positive thrill of personal emotion. Next to this must rank Mr. J. J. Shannon's lovely and refined portrait of Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, a full-length exquisitely composed among a garden of hollyhocks. The Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. G. W. Steevens, the War Correspondent, has been praised by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson for what I may call its looking-glass likeness. I prefer to praise it as a picture, a little unconvinced about the likeness, which has, after all, nothing really to do with the matter. Then there is Mr. Holman Hunt's extraordinary "Miracle of the Sacred Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem." He who likes may admire the labour and patience which went to make the work; but there can be no denying its crude, harsh colouring, its incoherent grouping, and the absolute hardness of its general effect. Among landscapes there is to praise, among others, Mr. Edward Stott's "Washing-Day" and Mr. Bartlett's "The Load of Hay." Mr. Strudwick's "Falling Leaves" is as perfect an example as ever of his beautifully conventionalised art, while Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., sends a "Dedication," marked by his customary nobility of manner.

WHAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE AT EARL'S COURT ON MONDAY.

MR. AUSTIN BRERETON TELLS "THE SKETCH" ABOUT THE "GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION."

The reopening of the Earl's Court Exhibition has come to be almost as sure a sign of summer as the proverbial return of the swallow; surer, perhaps, in some respects, for the busy Londoner may not observe the swallow, whereas the Exhibition cannot possibly escape notice. Full of a very proper curiosity to know what this year's show will be like, a *Sketch* representative called the other morning on Mr. Austin Brereton, Manager of the Press Department of the Exhibition, who unfolded to him the wonders which the Directors have in store. Appropriately catching the Imperialistic note of the hour, the powers that be have arranged for a "Greater Britain Exhibition," in which the characteristics of our chief colonies will be illustrated and their staple products displayed.

"Of course, you remember the Floral Lounge?" said Mr. Brereton. "Well, that huge hall will this year be filled by exhibits from



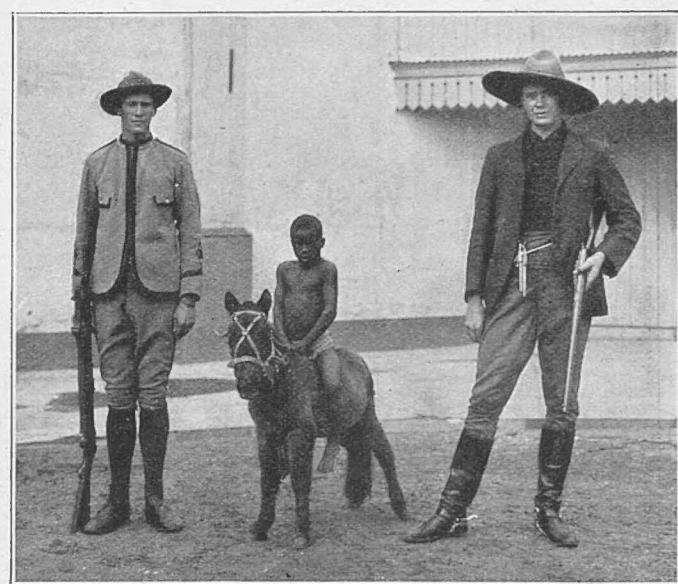
THIS BOER, WHO IS 6 FEET 8 INCHES IN HEIGHT, WILL SHOW US HOW TO DRIVE A TEAM OF OXEN.

Queensland, specially organised and arranged by Mr. Robert L. Jack, Government Geologist and Special Commissioner of the Colony. He and Mr. Courtenay Luck have been busy for several weeks over the exhibits, among the most interesting of which will be cakes of retorted gold varying in value from £6000 to £20,000.

"Victoria, too, will not lag behind with its gold exhibit, although the other products of the colony—wool, timber, cereals, wines, fresh meats, and so forth—will receive special attention. Victoria has sent over a Special Commissioner, Mr. J. W. Taverner, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

"It goes without saying, of course, that Africa will play an important part in the Exhibition. The exhibit of the British South Africa Company is expected to fill a large portion of the Imperial Court. People at home will get a practical idea of the working of a gold-mine, and other leading industries will also be well represented. The insistent modernity, by the way, of South Africa will find its appropriate contrast in the interesting relics of a bygone age brought by Dr. Carl Peters from the centre of the Dark Continent. Omdurman reliques and trophies are being lent by the United Service Institution."

"Very solid and improving fare indeed, Mr. Brereton. A word now, if you please, about that lighter side which we inevitably associate with Earl's Court."

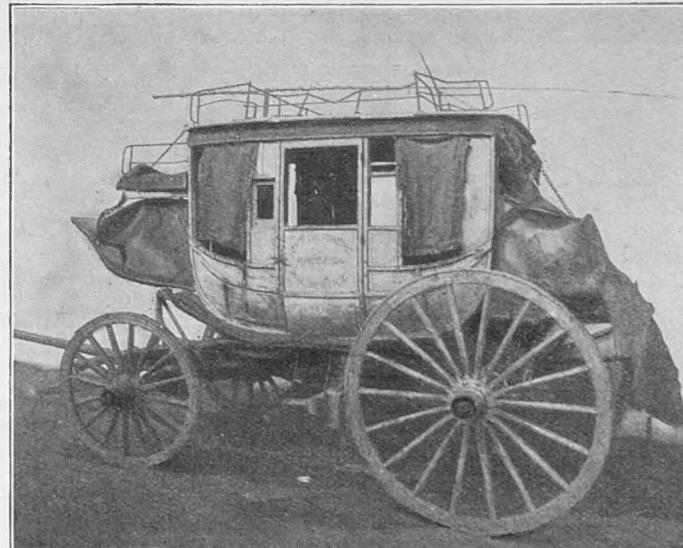


A LITTLE PICCANINNY AND HIS PONY.

"Where Mr. Imre Kiralfy is Director-General, you may rest assured that amusement and spectacle have not been neglected. This year, in the immense Empress Theatre, the largest of its kind in the world, there will be given a vivid representation of life in South Africa. The area of forty thousand superficial feet, which last year contained nearly a million gallons of water for the naval display, has been converted into an arena wherein an army of some four hundred performers will reproduce in the most realistic fashion some exciting scenes from recent African history. An interesting relic of the Matabele rebellion of 1896 will be seen in the shape of a mail-coach which was attacked and plundered by the natives. This historic coach was kindly presented to Mr. Frank E. Fillis, the organiser of the 'Savage South Africa' show, by Mr. Zeederberg, of the firm of Government mail contractors at Bulawayo.

"Then there is another amusement, old and yet new, the Canadian Water-Chutes, which cost over £8000, and have been specially imported for this season. In order properly to accommodate them, it has been found necessary to increase the size of the lake, which in former seasons contained 1,372,380 gallons, to a capacity of 1,512,720. A great improvement on previous years in respect to the Chutes will be found in the easy approach, visitors being taken up the incline on an Alpine railway. At the other end of the lake, facing the Chutes, which will be placed close to the West Brompton entrance, an African village will be seen. This will be occupied by natives.

"To mention a few, only a few, more of the attractions of this season," continued Mr. Brereton, "there will be a fine reproduction of a street in Egypt, and a Hong-Kong opium-den—Ah, no! we are not putting a premium on vice, for the smokers will be innocent wax figures. No doubt, their example will be entirely edifying. The Great Wheel will still, as Toddy said, 'go round.' But Windsor Castle has



THIS MAIL-COACH, ATTACKED AND PLUNDERED BY THE MATABELE, WILL GALLOP ROUND EARL'S COURT.

From Photographs by Gear, Chidley, and Co., Great Portland Street, W.

given place to a huge panorama of the Rock of Gibraltar, before which the Gibraltar Gravity Switchback Railway will contribute to a popular form of ecstasy."

"The music in the gardens will be as good as before, I have no doubt, Mr. Brereton?"

"The gardens will be as beautiful as ever, and the principal bands will be those of the Grenadier Guards, the Hon. Artillery Company,



THE STRANGE NEW INHABITANTS OF EARL'S COURT.

Photo by Gear, Chidley, and Co., Great Portland Street, W.

and the company's own orchestral band under the direction of Signor Venanzi, of 'Venice in London' fame.

"Then as to another not unimportant matter: Messrs. Spiers and Pond have been enabled to make very considerable improvements. Hitherto dining in the open air has been possible only at the Old Welcome Club and the Quadrant Restaurant, but this advantage will now, in effect, be extended to the Grill-Room and the Victoria Restaurant, delightfully situated by the lake. They are now provided with French windows, opening to the ground, so that any amount of fresh air may be obtained in fine weather; in the case of rain, complete shelter is secured."

After so tempting a recital, one could most confidently, on taking leave of Mr. Brereton, congratulate the Directors, through their energetic Press representative, upon a scheme that should enable the "Greater Britain Exhibition" to sustain, and even surpass, the excellent reputation which Earl's Court has already won.

"LAST POST."

These verses have been written by a Sergeant in the Field Force of the Natal Mounted Police, Zululand.

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!!" he yelled;

Forward they lept,

With ever-gathering might, to crush that wall of steel,
O'er fallen horse and dying man,

Onward they swept.

The guns on the height above

Screamed in their wrath—

Bucked in their gunners' hands, striving to burst their bonds,
Hurled Death and Hell before,
Cleaving their path.

Next, with a swelling roar,

Small-arms belched smoke,

Barking like angry dogs—felling the foe like logs—
Many men slept that day,

Nor one awoke.

Nearer the horsemen surge,

Now reach the slope!

Forward they dash, so free, man to man, knee to knee,
One lift with bridle-arm,
One mighty whoop.

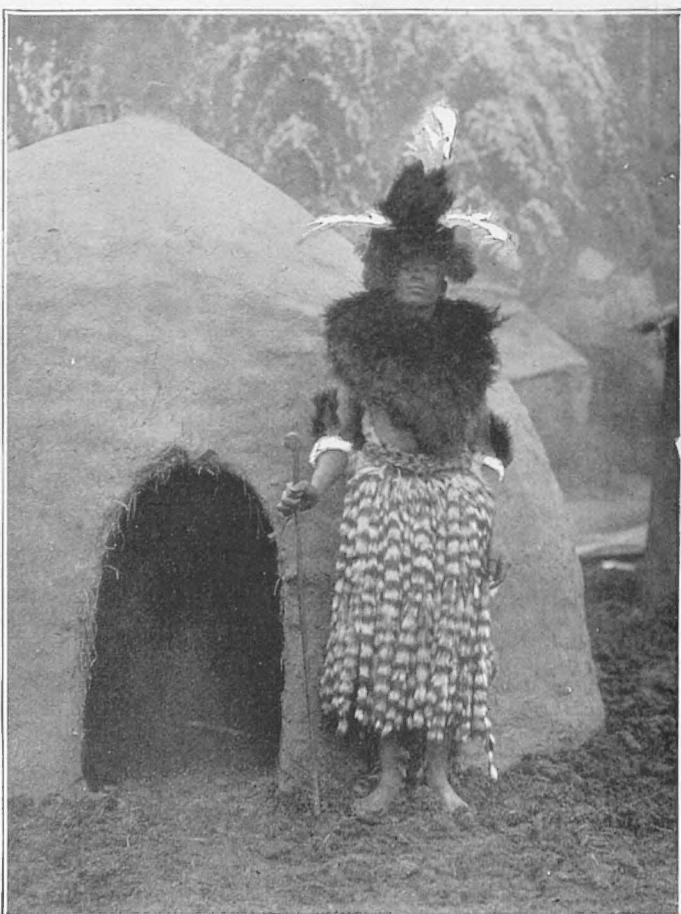
Then Death himself comes down,

Smiles on the fray.

One dread, soul-splitting crash—Death can afford to laugh!
Folds His wings over all,
Bears them away.

"GREAT CÆSAR," AT THE COMEDY.

It may be that many will rush to see the new burlesque by Messrs. George Grossmith junior, Paul A. Rubens, and Harold Ellis, for which the Rubens brothers have written music, for it is a revival of a famous form of entertainment which seemed to have died a natural death before the era of the very latest generation of playgoers. It can hardly be said that the burlesque is a brilliant example of its class, though, so far as memory serves, one may say that it is no worse than most of its predecessors. The piece presents a picture of part of the Forum, cleverly painted by Mr. Banks, for the first Act. Some of us expected a burlesque, rather belated, of the "Julius Cæsar" production at Her Majesty's, and were wrong. One attempt was made at mimicry, but Mr. Wilson Barrett was chosen as subject—perhaps because the easiest. The measure of the burlesque was when one discovered that Cicero was a doddering old man in business as an oracular manicurist, who when collecting his fees gave tickets, perforating them with a bell-punch such as bus-conductors use. This piece of business seemed exquisite fooling to most of the audience. The costumes, which have been described by someone as witty, show a lack of definite idea; some are really Roman, some strictly modern English, and others show a combination. We learn from a dialogue—whose wit lies mainly in the idea of the ingenious effect of using modern slang in ancient times—that there is a conspiracy against Cæsar, caused by Brutus, who wishes to grab the throne. Cæsar is warned that he had better lie low, so he disguises himself as an organ-grinder. There is a subtle hint concerning Viscount Hinton; to suit the piece I should have said, "A hint on Viscount Hinton." The conspirators attack a mummy brought by Cleopatra as a present to Cæsar, and dressed by Mark Antony in Cæsar's clothes, and, thinking they have slain the famous dictator, Brutus proclaims himself Emperor and takes Calphurnia as wife. Mark Antony produces a parchment deed supposed to be Cæsar's will, under which he is universal legatee; the citizens attack him, and Cleopatra, by arrangement with Cicero, appears as Pallas Athene, to protect him. The trick is "spotted," and the two are seized and cast into jail. Here ends the first Act, and from it may be guessed the style of the rest, which ends with a funny combat in the arena between Calphurnia, Cæsar, Mark Antony, and a comic lion. One cannot easily speak with enthusiasm of this mechanical manner of humour. Yet pretty girls, pretty dresses, lively music, and energetic acting, and some lyrics with a little cleverness in them, served to charm the audience, which sometimes roared with laughter and at others applauded with vigour. Mr. Willie Edouin was not at his best on Saturday in the part of Caesar; perhaps he lacked opportunity, perhaps interest in his work; certainly, though he was funny at times, he failed to give definite comic character to the part. It goes almost without saying that Miss Ada Reeve sang prettily and acted brightly as the Cleopatra, and that Miss Decima Moore was charming as a Greek slave. I trust that Mr. George Grossmith junior was pleased by the Mark Antony of the affair. It is to be regretted that, instead of dancing, we had mere acrobatics, and that no effort has been made to give a touch of real fancy and imagination to the spectacle.



SON OF LOBENGULA, THE MATABELE KING.

Photo by Gear, Chidley, and Co., Great Portland Street, W.

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THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

MISS AMATEURA STUBBS.

January 1, 1896.

DEAR MADAM,—I am in receipt of your kind offer to write for the *Flash*, together with the letter of introduction from Mr. Schoolmate, and I shall be very pleased to examine any manuscript you are kind enough to submit. But I warn you that the *Flash* is fastidious, and that very often it happens that very good matter has to be refused, if it does not happen to be quite in a line with our policy and requirements....

February 1896.

MY DEAR MISS STUBBS,—Your sketches were very interesting, but I hardly see how the *Flash* can use them at present. No doubt, some other . . .

March 1896.

MY DEAR MISS STUBBS,—I return your story herewith. What we want is either a new theme or an old one treated in a new way. Yours is neither. If you could only make your contributions as bright as your letters . . .

April 1896.

DEAR MISS STUBBS,—Your triplet is a bit too sad for the *Flash*. Triplets should be gay. Why not write your "Monotony" as a sonnet? Can't you come to the office, and we'll talk it over some time after four? . . .

May 1896.

MY DEAR AMATEURA,—Your manuscript shows a slight improvement in style, and I think you might readily dispose of it to some editor not quite so critical. I loathe "timeliness" in the *Flash*, but others desire that quality. I have a box for Bernhardt for Tuesday—would you like to go? . . .

June 1896.

MY DEAR AMATEURA,—I'm really sorry your verse is not better, for I'd like to run your stuff in the *Flash*. Your idea is fine, but it needs a little polishing. Yes, I'll come up to-morrow, if that ass Schoolmate isn't going to be there. . . .

July 1896.

DEAR MATTIE,—I'm going to use your "Goblin Ride" in next week's number of the *Flash*, but you mustn't mind if I cut some of it out, and alter it a bit. You must be more careful. You can't do good work on black coffee after midnight. Why don't you write to me oftener? You haven't answered my last two letters. . . .

August 1896.

MY DEAR MATTIE,—People have said nice things about your stuff, but I don't think they meant 'em, so don't get conceited. Glad you got the flowers all right. Be sure and save the first three waltzes. . . .

September 1896.

MY DEAR MATTIE,—If you'd only work you might do something worth while. Send along anything you have on hand, and I'll see if I can't make a place for it. Couldn't I have a photograph to put in my watch? . . .

October 1896.

MY DEAR GIRL,—Your poem was all right, and will do very well for that illustration. You might do a verse for Christmas, if you will. I'm awfully sorry I can't get to see you to-night. It seems a long time since day before yesterday. . . .

November 1896.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—Your verses were great! I'm sure they will make a hit. I didn't know you had such power, not to speak of talent! Hurry up the serial; I must have copy by next week. I must see you to-morrow afternoon. It's very important, really! . . .

December 1896.

MY DARLING LITTLE GIRL,—Can you write words to Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, and the ballet-music from "Sylvia"? You can do it as no one else in London can. Please do it, and I'll make it twenty guineas. I can't help thinking of last night, dear, and of that one sweet word. . . .

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S W E D E N .

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Miss Ethel Clarke, only daughter of Sir Edward Clarke, has married Mr. M. O. N. Rees-Webbe, of the Northamptonshire Regiment. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of silver tissue, veiled with white chiffon and embroidered with silk, while the Court-



SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S DAUGHTER, HER HUSBAND, MR. REES-WEBBE,
AND HER COUSIN, MISS H. MARRIOTT.

train was draped down one side with a flounce of Brussels lace, caught with orange-blossom and bows of silver tissue. Her only ornament in jewels was a brooch, the bridegroom's gift, composed of stones which spelt the word "Dearest," with a drop-pearl in the centre. The happy pair spent their honeymoon in North Wales.

A notable wedding will take place this day fortnight at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, a building which was erected in 1834, and remodelled by Mr. George Street in 1877. The bridegroom-elect, Captain Fritz Ponsonby, is the second son of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby, to whom the Queen was greatly attached; and the royal favour has, I understand, been bestowed in no small measure on his son, who has performed the duties of Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse and Assistant Private Secretary to her Majesty since 1897. The bride-elect is Miss Rea Kennard, the darker of the two beautiful and charming sisters one of whom was married some months ago to Sir Ralph Blois. The ceremony will take place at the now unusually early hour of noon, in deference, I understand, to the wishes of the Prince of Wales, who will honour the function with his presence, and who has certain important engagements later in the day. But a still greater honour, it is not improbable, is in store for the happy pair. I am told that the Queen, if circumstances permit, is likely to be present at the nuptials of the son of her old and faithful servant. The company will be a distinguished one, and the Chapel—which, by the way, will hold a couple of battalions of Guards, besides a small congregation of strangers—will be crowded to its utmost limits. Though the public generally are unlikely to take such an interest as they did in the Primrose wedding, the occasion, should the Queen be present, will be one of the most notable bridals that Society has witnessed for many years.

Lady Peggy Primrose's wedding-cake was not quite six feet high, as one enthusiastic reporter averred, but it was a magnificent confection, and required the care of six men to fix it in position at Berkeley Square. These artificers were sent up by Messrs. McVittie, the makers, from Scotland; so, you see, Lord Rosebery "supported home industries" in the matter of the cake as in more intimate details of the wedding paraphernalia.

The East End of London is faithfully represented in the dreary discussions on the chief Bill of the Session by Mr. Steadman. Colleagues sometimes call him "Stepney," just as a Scotch "laird" is called by the name of his estate. Stepney is his constituency. He told the House of Commons the other day that he was "practically born" there; he meant he was born close to it. His speech betrays the Cockney. "I did not have a University education, but I think I could give members opposite a lesson in manners," Mr. Steadman said when Conservatives were laughing at his slips. The House did not resent the rebuke. It rather likes Mr. Steadman. He is thoroughly frank and good-natured in his

Parliamentary conduct, and is manly and sincere. Nor does he shock the House, as Mr. Keir Hardie was accustomed to shock it, by unconventional attire and behaviour. Soon after his election he stepped over the back of a bench. That was an unheard-of proceeding, but Mr. Steadman, finding that it was irregular, did not repeat it. He observes the proprieties, although he wears a grey jacket-suit and a felt hat. The question of the hat has puzzled some Labour members. There is at least one member, formerly a working-man, who wears a felt hat outside and a silk hat in the House. The hat which is not in use he keeps in his locker.

Mr. John Burns adheres faithfully to the low-hat. A high-hat is never seen on his head at Westminster, but he dresses very neatly, the dark-blue jacket setting off the beard which once was black and now is nearly grey. Mr. Burns gets along capitally with everybody. The man with character seldom fails to be appreciated in the House of Commons, and the member for Battersea, in spite of unpopular opinions, is very popular, even among the young Tory "bloods." Mr. Burns does not speak often in Committee on the London Bill. Criticism of details is not quite in his line. He likes broad effects. He prefers to deliver picturesque speeches, with ornate phrases, on high matters of principle. Much of the criticism in Committee is carried on by members such as Mr. James Stuart and Mr. Lough, who must spend laborious days in getting up the case which they present so pertinaciously at night. For work of this sort there is comparatively little publicity. Scottish newspapers report Scottish affairs with special fulness, and Irish papers pay particular attention to Irish affairs, but London is not treated as local by any organs of public opinion. A member improves his chances of being reported if he speaks seldom, and Mr. John Burns knows the ways of the newspaper world almost as familiarly as a slave of the Press.

Coffee, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for once shows an increase in consumption, an improvement probably due to the increase of excellent temperance refreshment-rooms in London. Inquiries made by the *Westminster Gazette* have shown that, at Spiers and Pond's railway refreshment-rooms alone, the twelve hundred barmaids served 134 tons of coffee during the financial year ending March 1899, or about two and a-half hundredweight per Hebe! Olympian cup-bearing indeed! At Waterloo the record was 220,000 cups of coffee, against 48,000 cups the previous year. At some country stations the consumption of coffee increased sixfold. The total number of cups for the past year is 6,034,000, representing 300,160 lb., as against 107,520 lb. and 2,678,000 cups for the year ending March 1898. The increase for the year was 3,356,000 cups.



LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE'S WEDDING-CAKE.

The Colony of Hong-Kong has enlarged its boundaries, for it has leased about four hundred square miles from the Chinese Government. The new territory has just been explored and reported on. The Hon. J. H. Stewart Lockhart, C.M.G., Commissioner, accompanied by the

colleagues that all colonisation by the Jews, undertaken and carried on with due recognition of the Sultan's sovereign rights, might rely upon his support. England is in sympathy with Germany's contemplated action in Asia Minor, and very important developments will shortly take place. Attention may properly be called at this moment to the British Consul's report on the trade in Palestine during the past year. An enormous increase is reported in certain trades, particularly in the export of wine. The political developments of the last few months are of a high importance, and are being followed with keen attention on the Continent; in England they have been comparatively overlooked. I am told that several of the leaders of the Zionist Movement, including Dr. Herzl and Dr. Nordau, are expected in London at the end of the week, to take part in the first conference on the financial position resulting from the public appeal.



"POTTED ANCESTORS": HOW THE CHINESE KEEP THEIR DEAD.

Hon. Mr. Ormsby, Director of Public Works, and Lieut. Rundall, R.E., visited various points on the coast in H.M.S. *Plover*, lent by the Admiralty for the purpose, and explored the country inland. In March, Mr. Lockhart, representing the British Government, accompanied by Mr. Ormsby and a small staff, and Mr. Wong, representing the Chinese Government, proceeded again to Mirs Bay, on the east side of the territory, and delimited the northern boundary to Deep Bay on the west side, a distance of about twenty miles. Mr. Wong had two Chinese gunboats to convey himself and suite, and a body of about one hundred Chinese "braves," armed with Mauser, Remington, and Martini rifles, and a few old Enfield muzzle-loaders. I give a picture of the driving of the first peg to mark the boundary on the shore of Mirs Bay. Mr. Lockhart has his hand on the peg, at which Mr. Wong somewhat sadly gazes, while Mr. Ormsby, assisted by Mr. Xavier, Surveyor, takes the bearings of the point. As typical of one of the sights encountered by the boundary party, just look at the exhumed bones of deceased parents placed in large earthenware jars on a hillside.

Some vague report has reached London to the effect that Germany has sounded the Great Powers in general, and England in particular, with reference to certain developments in Asia Minor. Kaiser Wilhelm did not go to Palestine for nothing. He is alleged to be contemplating considerable extension of the German sphere of influence in the Holy Land, and it is believed that the Sultan, like Barkis, is willing. Note at the same time that the Jewish Colonial Trust closed its lists in England last week, having received enough money to go to allotment. When in Jerusalem, the Kaiser promised Dr. Herzl and his

You may remember that I recently gave a picture of a dog, with the query—"What breed is it?" A correspondent writes that it is a Thibet terrier. He adds that these dogs come down from Leh and Ladak, where the natives rear them and sell them for fancy prices in Srinagar, Murree, Rawal Pindi, and Northern India. They are hardy, inured to cold, dislike heat, having very long coats, and are excellent watch-dogs. They measure eighteen inches in length and six to eight inches in height.

The annual performance of the Cairo Dramatic Society, which was recently given in the Khedivial Opera House in aid of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was this year marked with additional interest by the production of an entirely new and original Egyptian opera, entitled "Sesostris." The libretto is clever, and was written by Mrs. Selden Willmore, who for the last few years has filled the principal rôle in these performances, and the bright and original music was composed



THE COMPANY OF AMATEURS WHO PRODUCED A NEW OPERA, "SESOSTRIS," AT CAIRO.

by Mr. Charles Franklin, Chief Inspector of Egyptian Army Bands. The subject treats of ancient Egyptians brought to life and confronted with British soldiers and Cook's tourists. The piece was admirably staged, and the original properties from Verdi's opera "Aida" were borrowed for the occasion, and, as can be imagined, were gorgeous in the extreme. The interpretation was excellent. Captain the Hon. E. O.

Murray played the part of Sesostris with great dignity, and Mrs. Selden Willmore scored a brilliant success as Nitocris, an Egyptian Princess. Mr. J. D. McKillop made a typical British tourist, and the Misses Christie Caillard and Ogilvie, as his daughters, formed a pretty trio. Miss Warnock sang with her usual power, and Messrs. Daniel, Tucker, and Russel played with great spirit. An effective skirt-dance, to an Oriental measure, was given by Miss Davis.

The other day I visited the new photographic studios and gallery of Mr. Alfred Ellis, whose familiar old address, "Upper Baker Street," must now be modified to "51, Baker Street," for the old studios have been disturbed by railway extensions. The new premises, specially designed for Mr. Ellis, are all that elegant and luxurious taste could desire. On the ground-floor you find a spacious publication department, adjoining which is a delightful lounge, which is also a gallery of the celebrities, fashionable, literary, artistic, and dramatic, who seek Mr. Ellis's camera so often. On the first floor is a studio of proportions so ample that a whole theatrical company can easily be grouped in it. The private reception-rooms and dressing-rooms leave nothing to be desired for comfort and convenience. The scheme of colour is everywhere such as to delight the eye. I wish Mr. Ellis every prosperity in his new establishment.



DRIVING IN THE FIRST POST OF THE ENLARGED BOUNDARY OF THE COLONY OF HONG-KONG.

Canada is beginning to wake up as regards military matters. The example of its neighbour, apparently, has not been without effect. For many years past the organisation of the defensive forces of the Dominion has been sadly out-of-date, and it is scarcely too much to say that, with a material unsurpassed for physique and military spirit, no civilised country in the whole world has been so backward in making proper use of it. However, thanks to the report of the Committee appointed last year to inquire into the defences of the Dominion, and perhaps even more to the outspoken criticism of Major-General Hutton, the Imperial officer commanding the Canadian forces, all this is to be altered. It is not intended to increase the number of the Militia, but simply to reorganise the force so that it can take the field as an army equipped with proper transport, medical corps, Engineers, and the various other branches so indispensable to modern military requirements. The formation of a Naval Brigade for the inland seas known as the "Great Lakes" is contemplated, and altogether things are going to "hum." Major-General Hutton is the right man in the right place. An old rifleman of the Sixtieth, he served with distinction in the Zulu War, and was with the Mounted Infantry in the Boer War of 1881. In the Egyptian War of 1882 he was Aide-de-Camp to Sir Archibald Alison, and did good service in organising the Mounted Infantry. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he commanded the Mounted Infantry, and afterwards acted as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General.

The accompanying photograph is illustrative of the journalistic side of Private Thomas Atkins and his superior officer. In his hours of ease, and often in his days of campaigning, the British soldier is pursuing the avocation of letters, and in all parts of the Empire his productions are being clothed in the glories of print. As a rule, these regimental papers circulate exclusively among present or past members of the Army, and accordingly the general public knows but little of a most interesting and important feature of the soldier's life. Mottoes, nicknames, badges, and official designations are drawn upon as titles for these clever productions, and, with rare exceptions, editors and contributors are soldiers. The collection of seventeen journals shown in the picture is representative of the various branches of the service, including the Volunteers, but does not by any means show all the journals which are now published in connection with the three arms.



A GROUP OF BRITISH REGIMENTAL JOURNALS.

Colonel Gordon, of the 1st Regimental District, Glencorse—otherwise the recruiting-ground of the Royal Scots ("Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard")—we should hear little of the difficulty of getting desirable recruits. Colonel Gordon proposes reading a paper which he has written at all the principal towns and villages in his Regimental District. In this he sets forth the advantages offered by a military career, and confutes the prevailing impression in Scotland that the man who dons the military garb is—as half-pay officers are wont to declare of the Army—"going to the devil." Colonel Gordon started his campaign at Peebles the other day, and not only were the local clergy represented on the platform, but the parish minister spoke to some purpose, giving it as his opinion that "the Army not only affords a man an excellent physical training, but its discipline is a splendid moral training also." The influence of the parish minister is much more powerful in Scotland than in England, and, as a rule, it has been exercised in quite a contrary direction to that of the Peebles parson.

I am glad that Messrs. A. and K. Johnston have republished their pocket issue of the "Scottish Clans and their Tartans," now in its fifth edition. No fewer than ninety-six tartans are reproduced in colour facsimile. There is a little history of each clan—not always correct, for I notice that Captain Beauchamp Colclough Urquhart of Meldrum is given as the "present head of the [Urquhart] family," whereas he was killed at Atbara. The book is a marvel of cheapness at half-a-crown, and I am glad to be able to get it again. I had given away many copies of it to my Scotch friends, and it had recently gone out of print.

General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., has been appointed a Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Engineers. The more recent events in the Soudan have attracted so much attention that Sir Gerald's services in the

Land of the Pharaohs have almost faded from memory. Yet they were in the early 'eighties familiar to everybody. Sir Gerald joined the "Sappers" forty-eight years ago, and gained his "V.C." for his gallantry in the assault on the Redan. Besides serving in the Crimea, he took part in the Chinese War of 1860, the expedition against Arabi Pasha in 1882, and the Soudan Expeditions of 1884-5. He was in command at El Teb and Tamai, and commanded the Suakin Field Force in the following year.



MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE AS JAGGERS.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Kaiser Wilhelm, Lord Kitchener, General Booth, or the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. It was none of these worthies who struggled through the lounge to the iron door leading stagewards, but diminutive Jaggers, with something in the same line of business, larger, more "cocksure," and distinctly American, by his side. I had only seen photographs of Jaggers, and was agreeably surprised to find that the original article is a quiet, sober little fellow, by no means the incarnation of nineteenth-century vulgarity unconsciously suggested by enterprising halfpenny journals. It may be said with safety that no soldier, statesman, or cosmopolitan adventurer could have attracted more genuine attention and interest. I do not think he was generally recognised in the ballet until he took his call in common with the rest of the principals. Whether it is altogether wise or kind to make a national hero of the little messenger-boy is a matter not very difficult to decide; but Mr. Slater did well to take advantage of the public enthusiasm, and doubtless Jaggers had a profitable evening. When Piper Findlater was at the Alhambra, wealthy patrons of the house delighted in showering banknotes upon him, and the gallant fellow was never heard to complain. Miss Claire Romaine (who is the late "Teddy" Solomon's daughter) is now impersonating Jaggers in "Pot-Pourri," the *revue* recently put on at the Notting Hill Theatre.

Some little time back I gave a picture of Jack, the pet goat of the *Tauranga*. A correspondent, who had the pleasure of taking a trip as a guest in the ship lately round the Cook and Friendly Islands, sends me this photograph of Jack.

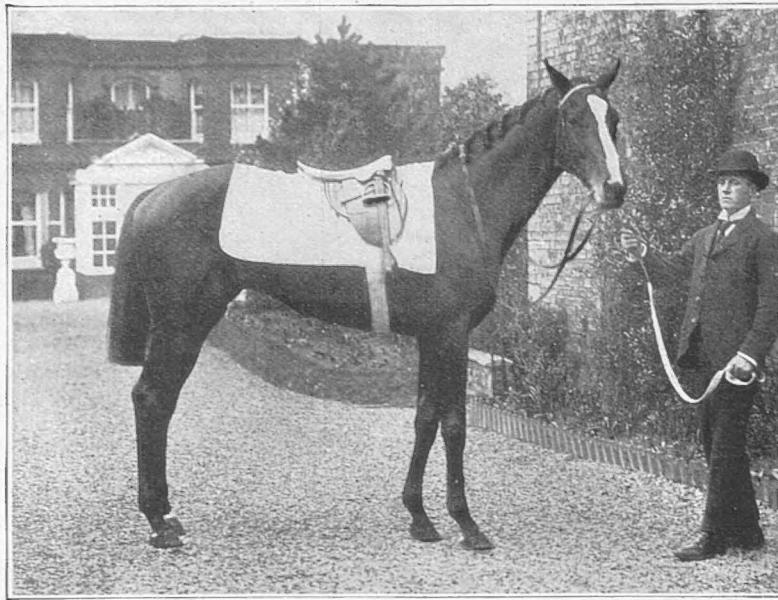


JACK IN DISGRACE.

Photo by Hemus, Auckland, New Zealand.

There is an effort being made among the social elect to revive the harmless game of croquet. The British matron thinks that it brings the young people together as even active tennis did not do. A great deal of interest is being beaten up for the forthcoming trials for the London Championship, which are to take place at Queen's Club. The date of the commencement has been fixed for May 15, and admirers of this placid game will have opportunities in plenty for diagnosing its possibilities.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Bill to establish a "close time" for trout in Scottish rivers has been read for the second time in the House of Lords, no peer having a word to say against it. Considering how industriously the streams are "whipped" all the year round north of Tweed, the marvel is that there should be any trout left to preserve in



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FLYING FOX, WHICH WON THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

the more accessible districts, and, if the proposed close time, from Oct. 15 to Feb. 28, is imposed, it should do the trout fisheries an immense deal of good. Trout in the rivers of England, Wales, and Ireland enjoy a close season of greater or less length during the winter months, when they show comparatively poor sport and are distinctly poor eating, and it has long been a puzzle to me why Scottish trout should not be given the same indulgence.

Professor Ewart's last lecture on "zebras," at the Royal Institution, was particularly interesting. Having made experiments on his young zebras at Penycuik, he found that they were practically invisible to the human eye at ten yards' distance on a starlight night, and even in bright moonlight they were out of sight at forty yards. Curious proof of the invisibility of the striped coat was obtained by clothing a pony with ribbons in imitation of a zebra. Unadorned, he had been quite conspicuous in the moonlight; his ribbons practically wiped him out of sight. Of course, it is a great advantage to the zebra to be invisible at night to his nocturnal foes, the lion and leopard; but before we admire the stripes as a special mark of Nature's care for the species, we must remember that she has dressed the tiger in the same way, conferring upon him the same advantage for night-hunting. An Anglo-Indian friend tells me that a tiger at half-a-dozen paces' distance in misty moonlight appeared a dingy grey, and, as the beast slouched away across a wide stretch of sand, it seemed to literally melt into the night. Nature is even-handed in her distribution of advantages.

I have received a curious little book, entitled "The Last Military Expedition in Sierra Leone," by "An Africanised Englishman, twenty years in British West Africa." In some forty pages the writer tells the story of the Karene Expedition and the Rising of the Mendis, besides giving some account of "many little wars" in West Africa, together with an Appendix of "Explanations." It was the intention of the author, in place of this, to write a work dealing *in extenso* with the present administration of Sierra Leone, the Protectorate Ordinances, and on every conceivable subject relating to the Colony," but, for certain reasons, he didn't. The account of the Karene Expedition is not without interest, but, perhaps owing to the author's long residence in Africa, this, and indeed the whole book, has a somewhat archaic flavour. Space will allow of but one example—

From the manner in which this Rev. gentleman, in answer to the Chief's summons, met Bai Bure, it would appear that his plan was to reside this day where the English burnt yesterday, and to-morrow any village set on fire to-day. Thus his whereabouts became a mystery, and the object of the Expedition unattained.

In connection with the suppression of the Mendi Rising, the author mentions the "wholesale slaughter" of the rebels by a Sub-Inspector, the "giant strides" of another gentleman, and the "dreadful sweep" of a third, and, anxious to give praise where it is justly due, says—

We should not forget to say something in favour of the Freetown Volunteer Corps, under Major J. T. Walsh, which would have done excellent work, if other coloured gentlemen had not thought it unsafe to enlist themselves under an Ordinance that gives sole power to the Governor to send the Corps anywhere in the Colony.

Amateur tramps will be glad to get the handbook to Reigate, Redhill, and the neighbouring districts, which forms one of the Homeland Association's handbooks. It is nicely printed, well illustrated, and costs sixpence.

When are we going to have a bibliography of undergraduate journals? As I write this, two of these lie before me, the *Cambridge Magazine*, which began its career on Thursday (at sixpence), and *The X*, a threepenny of Oxford. The former contains a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by Sir Frank Lockwood, hitherto unpublished, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor discusses the advisability of learning shorthand.

One of the most discussed modern poets of the Continent is coming to England at the end of the present week. Emile Verhaeren is undoubtedly a fine writer; some of his work, particularly his "Villages Illusores," is truly delightful, but whether or not he is a worthy successor to Leconte de Lisle, as his admirers claim, is a vexed question. Verhaeren is quite an uncommon writer, exponent of the *vers libre*, obscurantist, symbolist, but withal a poet. His earliest work is almost lost; it was marked by the deepest melancholy, the most profound pessimism; the spirit that broods over so much of the art of the Netherlands seemed to find its latest expression in his lines. Even then his poems attracted attention in Paris, and Mallarmé was one of his admirers and supporters. Happily, he has changed his mood of late years; something of the joy of life has crept into his verse, and slowly but surely he is widening his circle of English readers. It must be confessed that his language is very difficult to follow without extreme concentration; his choice of words is seemingly dictated by their form and colour rather than by the strict exigencies of his theme. None the less, the reader who is patient will find many passages of sheer delight in Verhaeren's work, and will be moved to look for more. Like most of the symbolists and new thinkers in art and literature, Verhaeren has "arrived" only after a long and difficult struggle. Most of the people who fail to understand him have rewarded him for their own limitations with rare indiscretion and merciless invective.

A correspondent points out that the picture I gave last week, entitled "The Prettily Situated Town of Muscat," really depicts a portion of Marsamuscetto Harbour, Malta, showing the English Collegiate Church of St. Paul, erected by Queen Charlotte. The surroundings are far from salubrious, not far from the church being the famous "Manderaggio," the lowest and most thickly populated place on the earth's surface.

Ashford has lost its oldest inhabitant, Mrs. Watts. Not only, however, was she ninety-seven, but she had the distinction of seeing her progeny increase unto the fifth generation (as represented in this photograph). The five are—

Mrs. Watts (Ashford)	aged	97
Mrs. Beeken (Small Hythe)	"	78
Mrs. Blackman (Tenterden)	"	53
Mrs. Sergeant	"	32
Miss Emily Sergeant	"	9

269 years;

the last being the great-great-grandchild of the first. Mrs. Watts's father was at Waterloo. I am indebted for the information to the Rev. C. T. Pizey, the Vicar of Small Hythe.



FIVE GENERATIONS.

Photo by A. H. De'Ath.

A curious sight was witnessed recently in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac River from Washington, when the bodies of 365 soldiers who had fallen in the Cuban War and had first been buried in Cuba were re-interred. Some fifty thousand



THE CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, WHERE 365 VICTIMS OF THE CUBAN WAR HAVE BEEN RE-INTERRED.

people were present, including President McKinley and his Cabinet, the Commanding General of the Army, the Judges of the Supreme Court, notable members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other high officials. The President was visibly moved. The interments were made in a ten-acre lot, the graves of those who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith being blessed by a priest of that Church, that they might lie in ground consecrated according to the rites of their religion. To every soldier was given a single grave, and long lines of coffins draped with American flags had been placed on cross-beams over the pits dug to receive them. More than twenty-five per cent. of those buried were unknown, but the coffins containing the bodies of the others were marked in plain letters with their names and with the numbers of the regiments in which they served.

The French have been celebrating this week the second centenary of the death of Racine, and it is curious to remark that the clergy, in the person of the Bishop of Orleans, who pronounced at Paris the discourse of the occasion, have made the attempt to acquit Racine of the charge of being a Jansenist. It was a difficult feat, but it served to reassure the faithful, who were astonished that a bishop should discourse on an apostate from the height of the Christian chair. Racine himself—the lifelong disciple of the illustrious company of Port Royal—Racine, in his day, would have been surprised enough at such an attempt to cover his apostasy. It is a case of saying, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun."

At Port Royal they took the matter more frankly. Literary France has been on pilgrimage to this celebrated and desecrated shrine of saints. All that remains of the once famous Abbey is a few broken columns. The domain is owned by a civil society, and is cultivated for a charity. It was here that Racine grew up, in a family of Jansenists. Two of his aunts had taken the vows, one of them being for many years the Abbess. He was educated in the Jansenist school, and was there when the second



GUARDING THE GRAVES OF AMERICA'S HEROES AT ARLINGTON.

storm of persecution broke on Port Royal, in 1615, dispersing masters and pupils, and his first poem sang the trials of the just oppressed. It was his devotion to the cause that brought his final disgrace at Court, and he was buried at Port Royal by his own desire.

Racine's bones, like those of many other illustrious Frenchmen, were doomed to ambulation. After the Cemetery of the Saints was destroyed, he was transported to Paris, and lies now in the Church of St. Etienne-le-Mont, on the Hill of St. Geneviève, in that curious church—built itself of architectural relics—which contains the reliquary of St. Geneviève.

I hear that the schoolmaster of Hermitage, Liddesdale, is busy with a small Guide to Hermitage Castle, a strong, square, ruined Border Castle, which stands on the bare moor, beside Hermitage Water. By some it has been assigned the date of 1240, and is said to have been built by Alexander II. The little book, which will be issued by the Kennedys of Hawick, will contain a plan of this old Border Castle for the first time. When Queen Mary was at Jedburgh to hold assizes in 1566, she rode over the hills to Hermitage Castle to see Bothwell, who had been wounded by that noted Border freebooter, "Little Jock Elliot" of the Cark. She conferred with Bothwell for two hours, in the presence of her nobles, and then returned to Jedburgh the same day; a ride of forty-eight miles. As a result of over-exertion in riding over such a rough country, she had an attack of intermittent fever, which prostrated her for a fortnight, and endangered her life.

When Walter Scott visited Liddesdale, Dr Elliot presented him with a Border war-horn, which had been found in Hermitage Castle. It had been in use by one of the doctor's servants as a grease-horn for scythes. When cleaned, the original chain, hoop, and mouth-piece of steel were all entire. Scott carried it home in triumph from Liddesdale to Jedburgh slung round his neck. He carried much more away than the Border war-horn, for here he met Willie Elliot, of Millburnholm; an upland sheep-farmer, who sat for his portrait as Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering." In a note to this novel, Scott admits that this is a composite portrait, and that James Davidson, of



HERMITAGE CASTLE, LIDDESDALE.

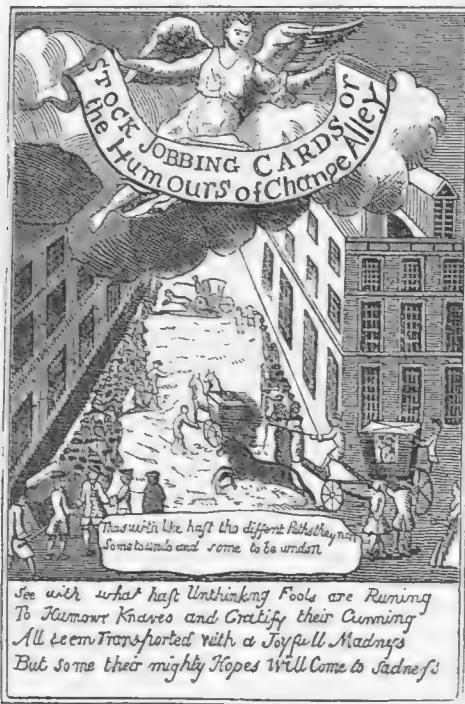
Hindlee, also furnished some hints and characteristics. Lockhart, whose opinion is always worthy of consideration, believes that William Laidlaw also sat for his portrait in this connection.

Prince Albrecht of Prussia, accompanied by his son, and attended by a considerable retinue, is staying at the Ilfracombe Hotel, in North Devon, this being his second visit, for he spent some weeks at Ilfracombe in the spring of 1895, and was charmed with the town and neighbourhood. Prince Albrecht is a splendid-looking man, in the prime of life, bearing a great resemblance to his cousin, the late Emperor Frederick; and his son is a handsome young fellow, just as genial and unaffected as his father. It was the present German Emperor who first induced his kinsman, Prince Albrecht, to visit Ilfracombe.

Wilhelm II. made quite a long stay at the Ilfracombe Hotel twenty years ago. He was anything but popular, for, although he was then quite a youth, he maintained an attitude of extreme hauteur towards everyone with whom he came in contact. Only one person ever succeeded in penetrating his frigid reserve, and that was the attendant at the "Tunnel" Swimming Bath, where the Prince went for his morning swim. The famous bath at the Ilfracombe Hotel was not built at that time. This attendant was a typical Devonian—shrewd, cheery, independent; and every day, when the Prince came to the bath, he, oblivious of royal etiquette, bade him a hearty "Good-marin'," receiving nothing but a chilling stare by way of reply. Nothing daunted, on the third morning the man supplemented his greeting with the remark, "It be the custom in this country for folks to answer when a body says 'Good-marin'" to un." The Prince stared for a moment at the audacious native, laughed good-humouredly, and promptly saluted him, and from that time the morning greeting was never passed unacknowledged.

It is rumoured that the Duke of York will visit Prince Albrecht at Ilfracombe immediately after his return from Tenby. The visit will be of a private nature, and, as the Duke will maintain a strict incognito, no special preparations will be made for his reception.

Lady Henry Bentinck was very much admired at the New Gallery Private View, and looked almost more beautiful than in Shannon's delightful portrait, which had its constant queue of admirers. Sir William Richmond's picture of Mrs. Marshall also had knots of admiring friends. Lord and Lady Granby were in the rooms,



A STOCK JOBBING CARD OF 1720.

blotted out recollection of the money-mania of that period, which ended so disastrously when the Bubble burst. I give an illustration of one of the old caricature Stock Jobbing Cards of 1720, for even the tragedy of the Bubble was not without its humours, and, while mammonolaters who made such haste to be rich came to violent ends, went mad, or were overwhelmed by hopeless ruin, the town laughed, scribblers wrote lampoons and satires, and caricaturists dipped their pencils in gall. It was not their fault that men and women rushed upon ruin. Swift compared Change Alley to a gulf in the South Sea—

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold—and drown.

But he wrote, and Carrington Bowles threw out his Bubble-cards, in vain. The money-mania was in the blood, and it was only by wholesale



"A PAIR OF LUNATICS."
Photo by Brinley, Totnes

researches, but it is just the other day since he issued the last batch of letters in pamphlet form. Jacobite students will be deeply interested in the epistles which were written by the leaders of the movement, from the two Pretenders and Viscount Dundee down to Lochiel and Robertson of Struan. The most curious item in the budget is a letter written to Lady Cluny from "Tartanhall" in 1751, by Bishop Forbes, who signed himself "Donald Hatebrecks." He speaks of

"William the Cruel," and of Cumberland as "a butcher." "Let him tremble to the other world when he will, his funeral pomp will not be attended with many tears." The pamphlet, which has been printed by the *Northern Chronicle*, Inverness, contains much new matter, and has been very well put together by Mr. Macpherson.

There is no one from John o' Groat's to Land's End who bestows more of his means to philanthropic causes than Lord Overtoun, to whom his father, James White, left a fortune closely approaching £2,000,000. Seventy-odd years ago, the father of Lord Overtoun and his brother John took possession of an old soap and soda works near Rutherglen, and converted it into a factory for the production of bi-chloride of potash. It is related of the founder of the business that he was wont to stand inside the gate of his works at night, and, if he found any particles of chrome—a chemical for which he received tenpence a-pound in those days—adhering to boots or clothes, he would stop a man with the remark, "Hey, man! gang back and daud your shin. Div ye no see ye're cairryin' awa' siller when ye cairry crum on yer bits?" John Campbell White, the present owner of the chemical works at Rutherglen, was created first Baron Overtoun in 1893, taking the title from his estate in Dumbartonshire. He was born in 1843, and was educated at Glasgow University. He is certainly one of the busiest men in the country, and besides being a Deputy-Lieutenant and Convener for Dumbartonshire, is president of innumerable religious and philanthropic societies, so that a day hardly ever passes in which Lord Overtoun is not found in the chair at some assemblage. It is said he disburses more than £10,000 a-year in charity; he is paymaster of John McNeill, and, chiefly through Lord Overtoun's influence, Mr. Moody has resolved to visit Glasgow next autumn. Shooting and fishing are Lord Overtoun's favourite recreations.

The Connaught Ambulance Shield for regimental stretcher-bearers, instituted by the Duke of Connaught before relinquishing the Aldershot command, has been awarded to the 2nd Somerset Light Infantry, with 890 points, who also got a money prize of £8, a second prize of £4 (won by the 2nd Devon) being also given. The designing and modelling of the shield were entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Mr. Thomas Burke, who for many years has been known to travellers as one of the most courteous representatives of the London and North-Western Railway at Euston Station, has now been appointed that company's Continental representative, and has taken up his quarters in Paris. One hopes that Mr. Burke, who has so wide a railway experience, will be able to still further bring together the Continent and England, so far as concerns the continuity of railway traffic, and visit the many lovely spots we have seen on the London and North-Western Railways, and bring their system into harmony with

Mr. Stillman writes to me as follows—

In your issue of the 19th inst. you do me the honour to make considerable mention of my name in reference to the decorations of St. Paul's, and in a way that persuades me that you have taken what I have said at second-hand, and I am sure your spirit of fair play will permit me to say that you have been led to an entire miscomprehension of all that I have said. I have neither said nor implied that "there is a dead-set against the artist rather than against his work." For a journalist to say such a thing of his Press colleagues would be a courtesy which I should not commit even if I thought it true. Nor have I defended or passed an opinion on the designs of Sir William Richmond, but simply remonstrated against the courtesy involved in what is substantially the proposition of Sir William's assailants, namely, to take the work out of his hands. Nor have I ever said that I have an "intense" or moderate "dislike of St. Paul's." I have not expressed any feeling whatever in regard to the church.

As I have never expressed any opinion of the decoration, I have none to modify; but, so far as it is a "question of Mr. Stillman *contra mundum*," I am free to say that, when I have formed an opinion, I shall be ready to maintain it *contra mundum*. At this present moment my attitude (barring any expression of opinion about the designs) is precisely that of the editor of the *Builder*. I am "not going to insult Sir W. Richmond, nor am I going to be dragged at the tail of Mr. Samuel Howe."

I know Mr. Somers Clarke, who is on the Committee of Decoration, and that he is thoroughly competent as architect and critic, and I refuse to believe that any designs which he (to say nothing of other members of the Committee) has approved, even provisionally, can be so bad as to merit the outcry against those of Sir William. There appears to be no doubt that certain features of the scheme of Sir William are objected to by nearly everybody who has expressed an opinion—they are by the most competent critic I know who has seen the work in the present state, but who, at the same time, speaks in high praise of the choir. But the animus of the campaign against the decorations is that they are "Byzantine"—that is, they are of the best system of church decoration ever invented. That opinion I am ready to maintain *contra mundum*.



A SHIELD INSTITUTED BY THE
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The River Paillon at Nice—the new bridge over which was opened by the Queen last week—is the open-air laundry of “the City of the Sun.” The hundreds of *blanchisseuses* of all ages and complexions who daily use its waters in their vocation form one of the quaintest and most picturesque scenes in the recollection of the visitor to the Riviera. As a rule, the Paillon in volume is little more than a brook, and the stranger wonders how it has made for itself so wide a bed, until he discovers that,



THE BIGGEST WASHING-TUB IN THE WORLD.

Photo by Dolman, Clissold Road, N.

after storms in the mountains, it has been known to rise to within a few inches of the stone embankments of the streets on either side. The Queen's Bridge makes the fifth across the Paillon, which divides Old from New Nice. Part of what used to be the river-bed has been covered in and is now the Municipal Garden, which, beautifully laid-out, and with the aid of an excellent band, is one of the most attractive spots in Nice.

Sailors bathe every evening in fine, warm weather. The “lower boom” is drooped, to allow them to get in and out of the water. Here is a picture of “Gib.” The high hill behind the four funnelled *Diadem* is the “Queen of Spain's Chair,” on which she is supposed to have taken up her position previous to one of the assaults on the “Rock” during the siege. The story runs that she vowed she would not move until the English colours were lowered, and it was only through the courtesy of the English Governor, who gave orders for the colours to be dipped and so relieve her of her oath, that her Majesty did not live and die upon her lofty seat.

The Admiralty have completed their scheme for the defence of the Bristol Channel, after conference with the War Office. Everyone has agreed for a long time that, as the only coal that can be used with good results by the ships of the Navy comes from the Welsh coalfields, every care should be taken to prevent marauding cruisers or torpedo-boat destroyers from getting into the Bristol Channel. Now that the War Office and the Admiralty have drawn up a scheme of defence, some critics contend that too much money is going to be spent; but surely it is better to lay out too much money rather than economise at the expense of absolute safety. On both sides of the Channel and on one of the islands in mid stream

powerful guns are being mounted so as to command the whole Channel, and there will be a search-light near Penarth. The Admiralty have now appropriated the gunboat *Antelope* to the defence of the Channel. It will be stationed off Portishead, and will be used in peace-time for the training of officers and men of the Naval Reserve. The *Antelope* is a first-class gunboat, otherwise known as a torpedo-boat catcher. She has a displacement of 810 tons, and, going her best, has a speed of over nineteen knots an hour. For her size she is well armed. She carries two 4.7 in. guns, besides four three-pounders and a machine-gun. Three torpedo-tubes for discharging 18-in. torpedoes complete her armament. Her crew numbers eighty-five.

Wherever the officers and men of the Navy foregather they make a recreation-ground. There is already an excellent naval playground at Wei-Hai-Wei and at most other naval bases, and now the crews of the ships serving on the Pacific Station, of which Rear-Admiral L. A. Beaumont, lately in command of the Naval Intelligence Department, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, have converted a barren waste into as good a recreation-ground as is to be found in America. It is situated at Esquimalt, and was originally a mere patch of bush. It is several years since this unpromising piece of ground was first taken in hand, but all the officers and men now admit that it cannot be further improved. Quite an extensive range of buildings has sprung up. There is a well-managed club for the officers, with a couple of billiard-tables, a comfortable smoking-room, a lavatory, and even the telephone. On the adjoining pavilion there is accommodation for a large number of visitors. A bicycle-house has been fitted up, there is a band-stand, a large bowling-alley, a canteen where the men can get refreshments, and cabins where they may sleep the night if they wish. Soon all the buildings will be lighted by electricity; already there is a tramway past the ground to and from Victoria. What more can any man want than this?

There is no longer any cause to fear that the Admiralty intend to discontinue the subsidies to the great liners of the P. and O. and other companies.

All that it is intended to do is to revise the terms of the contracts, in order to get a claim upon the newer ships which will be substituted for some of the older vessels, which would be of little value in war-time against the new swift cruisers which the other Naval Powers are now building. Unless the armed merchant-cruisers are able to steam faster than these powerful ships, they would be certain to fall into the enemy's hands very soon after the outbreak of hostilities. There is the *Oceanic*, of the White Star Line, and the *Egypt* and *India*, of the P. and O. Company, on neither of which would the Admiralty have any claim in time of war under the present contract. All the guns are in store ready to be placed on board the subsidised cruisers.



HER MAJESTY'S TARS TUBBING AT "GIB."

I confess I did not know it, but, according to Mr. O'Connor's newspaper, it was *The Sketch* that really married Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Harrod. Mr. Harrod was an admirer years ago. Then



"THE SKETCH" READERS IN WYOMING.

he went abroad, saw the lady's picture in my pages, came home, and conquered. *The Sketch* may thus claim to be the end-of-the-century Cupid—

Though I breathe in a Lane that is hid from the sky,
With the telephone mazes around me,
I live (in my pages) mid faces that cry
"You've only to see me to love me!"
My gallery ranges from ladies of rank
And maids with a social position,
While the belles from the stage with a smile that is frank
Beam forth in my every edition.
The garden of girls that the poet may hymn
Is doubtlessly almost seraphic,
And yet do I beat him the moment I limn
That garden by means photographic.
I send its perfume to the North and the South;
The West and the Orient praise it—
An eyelid, a glance, and a curl, or a mouth;
Why, everyone simply obeys it.
The image of Fluffy—she's "awfully smart,"
And the camera makes her diviner—
Goes out (by the post) to the hut and the heart
Of the weary Australian miner.
The portraits of Kitty and Cissie and Flo
(And dozens of promising Garricks)
Help "Tommy," I'm certain, to conquer the foe,
And decorate many a barracks.
My garden goes out to the sailor at sea,
And fascinates captain and middy
(The Admiral favours this form of the She,
Though he thinks that in life she is giddy).
She heartens the exile who sweats on the Rand,
Or shepherds his kine on the prairie;
He dreams of her charms and he bows to the wand
Of the prettily photographed fairy.
The exile will dream, have I said?—He will act
(Unless Mistress Gossip is stupid).
For now I must pose, in the face of the fact,
As an end-of-the-century Cupid.
I have not the wing, and I haven't the bow,
And I haven't his wonderful arrow;
But I've married a pair who were lovers, you know,
Though I live in a Lane that is narrow.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH "THE SKETCH" IN MASHONALAND.

Photo by H. Bleackley, Umtali.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

Of the many societies with which London abounds formed for the purpose of helping those who desire to help themselves, none is surely more typical of the characteristics which have made the country what it is than the Corps of Commissionaires.

It owes its origin to one single man, who has happily lived to see his idea ripen to maturity, and who still takes an active interest in its welfare. This is Sir Edward Walter, the younger brother of the late John Walter, of the *Times*. After the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny there was much anxiety and heart-burning in the country from the fact that soldiers who had bled for Great Britain under the blazing suns of India or in the frozen trenches of Russia were discharged on account of their injuries, and were eking out a bare subsistence as best they could by begging, if not from door to door, at least from the casual passer-by. Thought with the soldier is the father of the act, and so in 1859 seven wounded men were enrolled as a beginning, and situations found for them as attendants at different West-End shops. Gradually the numbers grew as the months went by, and the opening of the Exhibition in 1862 not only created a demand, but gave employment to a large number, and helped to make the Corps better known to the public, a necessary object in every such undertaking, this being undoubtedly aided by the *Times*, which gave every encouragement to the undertaking by printing some favourable articles on the subject. In 1863 the public was appealed to, to subscribe to a fund to be known as the Officers' Endowment Fund, out of which a staff of officers was to be paid to work the Corps—for it would never do for the men to say that they supported the officers—and this fund is totally distinct from anything with which the men themselves are concerned. A splendid nucleus was furnished by the trustees of the *Times* Crimean Fund, who handed £10,000 over to the Charity Commissioners, the interest of the amount to be devoted to the Officers' Endowment Fund. In answer to these appeals, chiefly from military men, subscriptions came in, which form the only external source of assistance which the Corps receives.

Its primary object is naturally to encourage the members to habits of self-help and thrift. The Commissionaires now number over 2500, of whom about 400 are from the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. The number is made up of some 1600 in the London division, close on 900 in the provinces, and 41 temporary men, who may be described as being on probation. The qualification for admission to the Corps is a thoroughly good character, and the possession of a pension or a Savings Bank Deposit account of £20 by the candidate, who must have served in some branch of the regular naval or military forces. Thrift being one of the great objects of the Corps, every man is obliged to save, at the rate of four shillings a month if he is a pensioner, and ten shillings a month if he has been a short-service man and has no pension. In this way, the man who is not in the receipt of a pension is practically compelled to put by as much money as will, by proper investment, enable him to have the equivalent of what his comrades who are in receipt of a pension receive from the Government, so that, instead of being handicapped as he grows older, he is put on a more equal footing with them.

It is not only, however, in numbers or distinction that the Corps is remarkable, for it offers an object-lesson of the advantages of co-operation, since it possesses something like £90,000 in the Savings Bank or invested in trust securities and house property. So well have the principles of thrift inculcated by the Corps been observed that some of these men have saved several hundred pounds, which they are entitled to withdraw, with interest at three per cent., when they leave it.

In connection with the headquarters of the Corps there is a barracks, where over one hundred men live; but, whether there or elsewhere, the discipline to which they are subjected is severely strict, and is never relaxed. A serious complaint from an employer means the discharge of the man, with no prospect of a return to the Corps, which under no circumstances passes "bad shillings," and an employer's complaint would only not be ignored were he himself to beg the culprit off and express his willingness to keep the man himself.

Although there is a constant cry that men find a difficulty in getting employment, no such difficulty is experienced by any member of the Commissionaire Corps, for every day there are applications for their services from all quarters and all sorts of men. On Settling-days, members of the Stock Exchange find the men of the Corps a great boon as trusty messengers, and they also figure largely at concerts, race-meetings, and theatres, not a few of the managers of our playhouses having men in the well-known uniform as keepers of the stage-door, and in other positions where reliability and a certain routine have to be observed.

In addition to its utilitarian side, there is another, and by no means unattractive one, which serves to keep up the military spirit of the Corps, for on a certain Sunday—the third—in eight or nine months of the year the whole Corps falls in at Westminster Hall for parade and inspection, and is marched to different places of worship, according to the denominations of the men. Certain rules govern the parade—all the members of the Horse Artillery, for instance, falling in together, and so with the Light Infantry and other regiments, and after the inspection the men fall out and fall in again, according to the church to which they are going. In June, however, the inspection occurs in the grounds of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, and an address is made to the men by some member of the royal family or some distinguished officer, for ever since the inception of the Corps until the present time many distinguished officers have given Sir Edward Walter, who is still the Commanding Officer of the Corps of Commissionaires, the benefit of their support and sympathy in every way.



THE COMMISSIONAIRES.



THE BAND, WITH THE ONLY DRUM-MAJOR IN COMMISSIONAIRE SERVICE.



THE CRIMEAN VETERANS.

From Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

CRICKET AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

DR. W. G. GRACE SPEAKS OF THE NEW CLUB.

"London is growing so rapidly that there must be a demand for another big club run on the lines of the M.C.C."

The speaker was Dr. Grace, the well-beloved "W. G." who had just returned from early practice on the Crystal Palace Ground. He looked



DR. W. G. GRACE.
Photo by Hawkins, Brighton.

in the best of health and spirits, and was well pleased with the condition of the ground and the prospects of the big match against Australia to be commenced on Monday next.

"How is the Club shaping?" I asked him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*).

"It could not be doing better," he replied. "As you know, Lord Suffield is our President, and the Committee includes Sir Richard Webster (who is a keen cricketer), Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. A. J. Webbe of the Middlesex County Club. The Crystal Palace Ground has always been a good one. Kent played a first-class match on it in 1864, and the Australians have played there on a previous tour. We have enlarged the ground, cut down several trees that cast too big a shadow, and are building a new pavilion. I don't say," continued the Doctor, "that the tree-cutting is an unmixed benefit, for it deprives the man who drops a hot chance of a very plausible excuse. He could say before that the light was very bad, and so console himself."

"How has the Crystal Palace Club accepted the new arrangement?"

"In such a friendly spirit," replied the Doctor, "that nearly all the members have joined us. For the present season the Palace Club will play on the ground, and carry out its usual list of fixtures. The ground is being fenced in, so that members will be safe from the intrusion of casual visitors, and practice will be held on the ground surrounded by the cycle-track, as well as on the cricket-ground. We have five groundmen engaged already, so the members will be better off than ever."

"Have you sufficient support to justify the club's expenditure?"

"W. G." chuckled just as he does when the dangerous man on the other side puts up an easy chance to a safe fielder before he has got set. "Why, before we start," he said, "while we have to appeal to people to judge us by our talk rather than our accomplishments, we have over four hundred members. You see, men in the county clubs do not get a big chance. When a captain is making up his team, the first six or seven places are filled easily enough; for the last two or three places he may have twenty or thirty applicants between whose play there is little to choose. Consequently, dozens of men who are fine players and keen sportsmen never get a chance, and so they get tired after a time, and cease to support the game."

"The M.C.C. does excellent work in the best interests of cricket by having so many elevens in constant play, and stimulating the interest in playing for the sake of the game. Cricket, left entirely to county clubs, becomes too much an affair of big gates and large audiences. It used

not to be nearly so formal. I remember my first visit to the Crystal Palace. I was playing at Kennington, for England v. Surrey, in the late 'sixties, and I had made two hundred runs for my side. I saw there was to be a big gathering at the Crystal Palace on the following day for some sports, and I wanted to run in the quarter-mile race. So I asked V. E. Walker, who captained the All England team, to let me go down and run in it. He let me off; I went down, ran the race on the cricket-ground, and won it. Nowadays, such a thing would be impossible. I think people should be gently reminded that cricket is not all an affair of county matches, and that the smaller games are just as enjoyable to those who take part in them."

"You say the M.C.C. has done a great deal for cricket. Will the London County Club do anything to develop rising talent?"

"I have great hopes," said "W. G.," "that our new club will train and supply 'colts' to Surrey, Kent, Middlesex, and Essex. We are likely to number among our recruits young players from these counties; it will be our duty to train them. To do this we must play out and home matches with good clubs and teams. By attracting and developing talent, and by extending our match-list and gradually meeting counties, we shall be able to strengthen cricket considerably and extend the good work of the M.C.C."

"What are the prospects of next Monday's big match?"

"I'm not going to say anything about that," said the diplomatic Doctor. "We shall do our best, and the weather may do much to decide the result."

"Will you still play for Gloucestershire?"

"Oh yes, in nearly all the matches," replied the Doctor. "I remain qualified by the rules of County Cricket, and shall be able to support my native county right through the season—or through the greater part of it, at least."

"Will you do what you can to encourage more attractive cricket from the spectator's point of view?"

"That is not easy," said "W. G." ; "but it should be done, I confess. Slow cricket is a dreadful mistake when it is carried too far. We see too many drawn games everywhere. Now, I have an idea," he added, and as he spoke there was a faint twinkle in his eye, "that, if a game, drawn through no fault of the weather, took off half a point from each side in the county championship table, we should see more matches finished. Of course, this is just a passing idea, no more, and there are probably many arguments against such a plan."

"W. G." is working very hard in the interests of the L.C.C.C., of which he is manager and secretary, and has taken a house in Sydenham, close to one of the entrances to the Palace, in order that he may be near and so be able to see to the detailed working-out of all the plans. The ground is in fine condition, and has always been reckoned fast and true. From every point of view, London's new club starts under most favourable auspices.

"BEACONSFIELD; OR, PEACE WITH HONOUR."

The latest music-hall ditty is called "Beaconsfield; or, Peace with Honour." It has been written by George Thorne, composed by Lennard Ralph, and sung by Mr. George Leyton. The chorus runs—

Peace, peace as long as you will,
But let dear old England be England still;
Remember, remember, Majuba Hill,
And let it be peace with honour.



HOW THE PAVILION MUSIC-HALL LOOKED ON PRIMROSE DAY.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapstide.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS MRS. ARNISON IN "CARNAC SAHIB," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

In the absence of her husband, she flirts outrageously with Colonel Stacey Carnac and his subordinate, Colonel Arthur Syrett, who each disgraces himself for her sake. This photograph is by Lallie Garel-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE TRAGEDY OF DRINK.

"Miss Tudor" was a notable novel. "Unholy Matrimony," by the same authors—for "John Le Breton" is really Mr. Murray Ford and Miss Harte-Potts—is even better; one

of the best books, indeed, that Mr. John Maequeen has yet issued. The work is almost a literary nightmare. It is the tragedy of a marriage where the elements of unhappiness are contributed jointly by the indifference of the man towards the woman he has married and by the addiction of the woman to intemperance in spirits. It is a fine physical and psychological question whether the complete downfall of Rose Collier would have been realised had her husband, David Collier, been imbued with any amative sense towards her. She protested love, omnipotent and individual passion, for the man she had married; but "Mr. Le Breton" establishes such avowals to have been the tricky insinuation of an absolutely dissolute and scheming woman. That really is the determining point in the book and in the character of Rose Collier. Her sturdy,

disgusted David, gradually transforming his coldness and aversion into sympathetic contempt. But few men, however, would be so crassly foolish as David Collier, the curate of a parish in the vicinity of the Docks. His initial weakness of character permits the authors to reveal their cleverness, but it prevents any great bond of sympathy being manifested between the man, his sad fate, and the reader.

Rose, a barmaid and child of the masses, and David are left behind by an excursion party of Sunday School children. They perforce remain at separate houses for the night in the country. In vulgar parlance, Rose, the City barmaid and City shark, plays the curate for a compromise. David, penitent and abashed, at once proposes marriage to save her reputation from tap-room slander in his parish. They marry, and she proves to be a drunkard. She kills her child. Driven out from his Church by the passion of his wife, he is given a post in the Dock and Shipping business of his father. He becomes the confidential clerk to Gordon, the head partner, and this enables him to realise to the full the curse which his marriage has brought upon him. Loveless at first, it is indeed an unholy union to the end; and, even when his cup of bitterness is full, there still remains the desolation and grief caused by the even greater loss which concludes the chronicle of this gin-sodden drama.

Throughout the book the authors have given many sketches of the circumstances which attend the business of shipping at the Docks. Familiarity with the Dock class and their life allows them to approach an unusually intricate subject with ease and confidence. To read the book is to gather a comprehensive knowledge of shipping as a business, and the shifting sands upon which the trade stands; to gauge approximately the wide evils of drink and the ruin it brings to the homes of the poorer classes; to understand the hopelessness, the utter and absolute impossibility, of fighting such a passion. The tragedy of the book is human. The subject provides a moral lesson also. The power and pathos of the story establish the position of the authors of "Miss Tudor" as serious novelists. It is quite time someone accepted seriously the responsibilities of writing. Decadent and anaemic literature are become not a little tiresome. "Unholy Matrimony," in a word, is a work we may appreciate, since we can profit by moral lessons.

J. A. H.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.
The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-five (from Jan. 25 to April 19, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



MR. T. MURRAY FORD.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

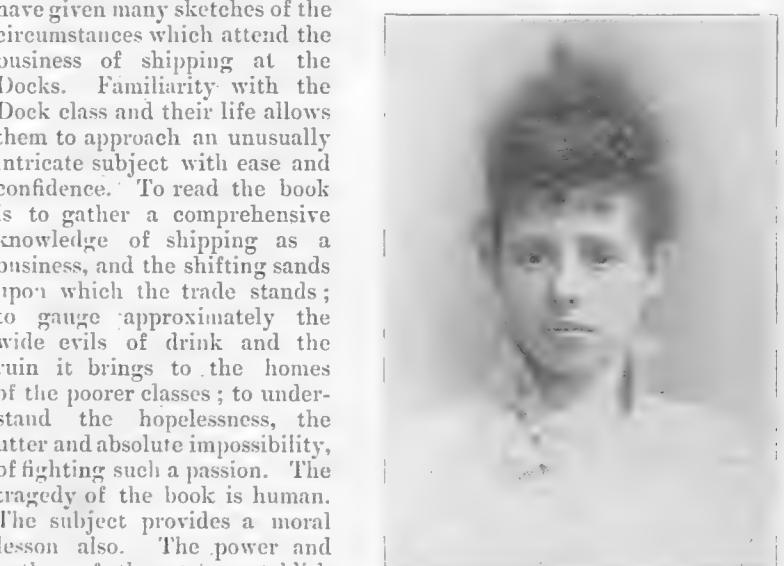
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MISS HARTE-POTTS, WHO COLLABORATES
WITH MR. MURRAY FORD.*Photo by Hemmins.*

Decadent and anaemic literature are become not a little tiresome. "Unholy Matrimony," in a word, is a work we may appreciate, since we can profit by moral lessons.

J. A. H.

A BALL PROGRAMME—'89 AND '99.

There is nothing conservative about the ball-room programme. In deference to the abbreviating spirit of the age, the name itself has, in some quarters, dropped its two last letters. And, not content with that, it has possessed itself of a variety of aliases. While the fiddles are tuning, that rotund little gentleman with a full face, who looks as if he were always at home about dinner-time, blandly asks the gaping man in buttons not for a programme, but for the "menu." That bronze-faced, keen-eyed man, who seems to have had his nose to the wind for the last twenty years, asks bluntly for the "race-card." Another, while struggling with his spotless kids, wonders what is on the "bill-of-fare" to-night. A fourth asks for a "ticket." It was the same at college. At Hall we all tried to find some new name for the time-honoured dinner-card. It pleased us, and the only harm it did was to puzzle the waiting "gyps"—and that pleased us still more.

We shall look at the programme in an analytical frame of mind. The Valse is aggressive. It is almost greedy. There are twenty of it, out of a possible twenty-four. It was not so what time the Eiffel Tower was a-building. Then there was variety with a vengeance. But most of the dances were decaying empires. The Valse was the embryo Imperialist, and now it reigns supreme. Nearly every one of the others died—not of senile decay, for some were only in their infancy, but of neglect. Presently we shall raise these ghosts from the dead to hold a *post-mortem* on them, and ascertain the cause of death. But, meanwhile, of the remaining four places that the Valse has left vacant.

There are two Lancers—the first, four from the beginning; the second, four from the end. The Lancers is a survival of '89, and it was not young even in those days. Its survival needs some explanation, for the art of dancing, let it be known, is as susceptible of logical division as anything else. There are "Squares" and "Non-Squares." The Squares fought among themselves for the survival of the fittest, and the Non-Squares did the same with precisely the same object. Of the Squares, the Lancers knocked out the Caledonians, the Quadrilles, the Alberts, and the Valse Cotillion, and was declared winner. It won on points, for it was just suited to the intellect of the ball-room. The Caledonians required too much mental effort; the Quadrilles required too little. The Cotillion had its own peculiar disadvantages, and so had the Alberts. The Lancers, therefore, won in the Square division. Among the Non-Squares, the Valse, always at a premium, knocked out all competitors easily. And in the final round it bested the winner of the Squares at once—*palman sine pulvere*. We have two dances remaining in our programme. The Barn Dance is one—a hybrid creation—a Valse and not a Valse. It reminds one of the Jolly, her Majesty's Jolly, famed in song. There was no Barn Dance in the days of '89. The last of all is the Galop, which is all right if you are in training. If not, a young and frisky partner should be avoided. Such partners have a tendency to enjoy these Galops. The Squares and the Non-Squares was a suitable division in '89; but the Valse and the Non-Valse better represents the situation to-day.

Now for the ghosts. They are scarcely so numerous as Homer's in the Eleventh *Odyssey*, or even as Virgil's in the Sixth *Aeneid*, but they are a goodly number, all duly sulky and sullen. First come the vanished Squares. The Caledonians, as we have seen, expired because they wanted their patrons to exercise more intellect than the patrons possessed. The bard of Mantua must have been thinking of the Caledonians when he wrote, "Hoc opus hic labor est et inextricabilis error." The Quadrilles pined away from sheer inanity, and speedily adjourned to the thin air. The Alberts—a synthetic freak—were vitiated by reason of the twin fact that they involved a recollection of one figure of the terrible Caledonians, and a performance of a figure of the soulless Quadrilles. The Valse Cotillion—this is a doubtful case. It was the prettiest of the Squares of '89. But on four separate occasions you had to indulge in a Valse by yourself for two or three yards. If you did it well, it was well. If you didn't, it wasn't. Most people didn't do it well, and the Cotillion was, so to speak, gathered to its fathers.

The Non-Squares fared badly indeed. Their narrow world was beset by the Valse, and the effect was disastrous. The Schottische hasn't so much to grumble at. Like all its Scotch brethren, it demanded too much effort, and was dropped. Your dancer is a delicate creature. You must hit the exact point that lies equidistant from intellect and inanity, from inertia and exercise, or you will not please him. If you want to invent a new dance, you must take these four ideas as a circumference, and then you have to find the centre of the circle. The Highland variety of the Schottische was the prettiest of the Non-Squares of '89. But it had the taint of its half-brother, and required effort. The Polka, despite its triangular inanity, is scarcely a ghost; but it is painfully anaemic.

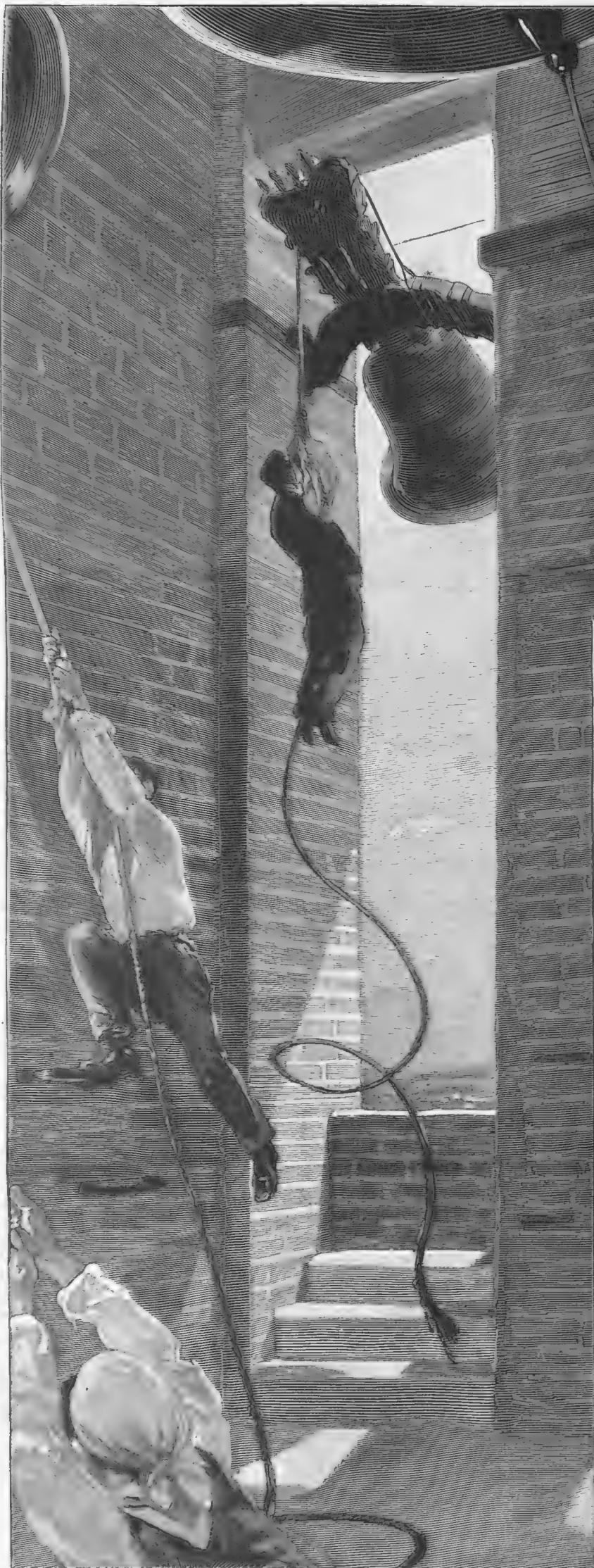
There are two dances which absolutely decline to be classified. They are at the opposite ends of the span of existence. The one is trying to keep itself from dying; the other is doing its best to get itself born. They will probably both fail. The first is the wild, weird Washington Post; the other is the slow, civilised Gordon Schottische. The weird one came across the Pond with a hop, skip, and jump a year or two ago; but it was always like Rabelais' religion—a great *Perhaps*. The other is a gentle eight-step movement, with an alternate turn at the ubiquitous Valse—another Jolly, in fact; but, as it requires at least twenty minutes to learn, it is too exacting by about a quarter-of-an-hour for the intellect of the ball-room. The originator, we think, has not hit the centre of the mystic circle. The struggle, however, in each case is still going on, so we must leave the dancing annualist of the next decade to talk about these.

J. W. MURISON.



MISS EVIE GREENE HAS MADE A TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO LONDON AS PRINCE CARLO
IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Miss Greene was born at Portsmouth twenty years ago, and, when she was eleven, came to London for four years' schooling. She then joined a touring company for the chorus of "Marjorie," and before a year had passed was given a part in "Maid Marian." Then she went out as the Hon. Ethel Sportington in "Morocco Bound," then as Norah in "The Gay Parisienne," then in the title rôle of "The New Barmy," and then in the prima-donna part of "Billy" with Little Tich. There were the usual interludes of pantomime, and, young as she is, she has played the "principal girl" in Edinburgh, Bristol, Birmingham, and Newcastle, and last Christmas played her first boy's part as the Prince in "Cinderella," at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Miss Greene is now Mrs. "Dick" Temple junior, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Richard Temple, the ex Savoy favourite and now Professor at the Royal College of Music, and with him she is now busy studying singing. This photograph is by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



BELL-RINGERS OF THE GIRALDA.

The extraordinary athletics represented in the accompanying picture are practised by the bell-ringers of the Giralda, in Seville, on occasions when they desire to ring an especially vigorous peal. On ordinary days they are content to ring their bells with the cord, but on high days, and more particularly during Holy Week, they mount boldly upon the bells and swing the brazen monsters until they give full tongue. The dawn of Easter is announced to the minute by the twenty bells of the Giralda. Owing to the way in which the bells are hung, the inward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringers far out above the city, and "one can see them," says a French writer, "astride their brazen mounts, like new centaurs, borne out into space. Should they lose their balance, God receive their soul! for this work would be the death of them. But every Spaniard's birthright is to be a good rider." Sometimes, however, they get a broken head or so in passing the arch, so narrow is the space between the bell and the masonry.

Somewhere I have seen it stated that the belfries of Spain are not under any strict control, and, on saints' days and holidays, any young men in search of diversion are at liberty to practise these gymnastic feats upon the bells, to the great disturbance of the public peace. We in this country, at any rate, are glad that the profession of bell-ringing is a close society hedged about by many ancient regulations. Some of us, however, who work within earshot of St. Clement Danes, where a clock-work arrangement grinds out tunes upon the bells at stated hours, wish that the "Ancient Society of College Youths" would protest against the usurpation of their melodious functions by machinery. This by the way. As to the exclusiveness of bell-ringers, those at St. Paul's object greatly to a stranger's presence in the belfry, lest they lose count amid the mazes of "Plain Bob Minor," "Grandsire Major," or "Single College Minor," as some of the peals are called. It is a curious old cult. Some of the belfry rules are in quaint rhyme, such as—

He that doth a bell o'erthrow
Must pay a groat before he go.

Our Spaniards, not being burdened with the wheel mechanism, are above the fear of such an offence. John Bunyan, you remember, was fond of bell-ringing, but on his conversion renounced it as profane. The Giralda methods remind one of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

I have always been one of the staunchest admirers of Mr. C. D. Gibson's work, which is known to my readers best, perhaps, through the handsome albums published by Mr. Russell in New York and by Mr. John Lane in this country. But Mr. James Henderson, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, has long published in journals Mr. Gibson's work, of which he holds the copyright for England. Mr. Henderson has now made the most of his opportunities, for he has begun to publish Mr. Gibson's drawings in a handsome shilling quarto, issued monthly, under the title of *Pictorial Comedy*. The first two numbers, which lie before me, are beautifully printed, and reproduce the very amusing series, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," which shows the hard-working American man of business being trailed over Europe by his money-spending wife and daughters. *Pictorial Comedy*, however, does not confine itself to Mr. Gibson. It gives us all the best work which appears in the *New York Life*. Mr. Henderson has to be thanked for popularising the black-and-white art of America.

The small drawing at the top of this page is quaint in itself. It will be further interesting to many people as being the work of Mr. H. Barnby, son of the late composer.

Mr. C. O. Murray has produced a fine etched portrait giving the profile view of the head of his brother, Dr. J. A. H. Murray, of Dictionary fame. It has been pronounced an excellent likeness by many of the old pupils of Hawick Academy, where he was once head-master. Another



BEAU BRUMMEL.—DRAWN BY H. BARNBY.

leaving blank spaces for the reader to add his own impressions. It is of neat oblong shape, bound like a pocket-book, and is indispensable for the tourist passing hurriedly under review the art of Italy.

The *Art Portfolio*, which is produced entirely in England and issued by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., is another new shilling monthly. It is a large folio, and produces four pictures a month by a



THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.—ON THIS OCCASION MR. PIPP FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS HE HAS RECEIVED, AND APPEARS INTERESTED.

Drawn by C. D. Gibson, and reproduced in "*Pictorial Comedy*," the new Album published by Mr. James Henderson, of Red Lion Court.

etching by Mr. Murray has given great satisfaction in this Border manufacturing town. It is from the original water-colour drawing by Mr. Tom Scott, R.S.A., which has just been placed in Hawick Council Chambers, and represents an historical incident which took place in 1514, at the taking of a pennon, or banner, from a party of English marauders on

photogravure process. This month it gives us Pettie's "Vigil," Stanfield's "Entrance to the Zuyder Zee," Linnell's "Noonday Rest," and Herring's "Frugal Meal." The pictures are admirably suited for framing. They are printed on stout paper and do not readily get crushed.

Teviotside, just below the town. Young Drumlanrig, accompanied by a party of armed townsmen, is returning from the fray in triumph, and is being met by a crowd of Hawick people. The way to stir Hawick patriotism is to sing "Teribus," a terrible enough patriotic local song of unknown antiquity, of which this is a verse—

Scotia felt thine ire, O Odin,
On the bloody field of Flodden;
There our fathers fell with honour
Round their King and country's banner.

Chorus.

Teribus, ye Teri Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden;
Imitating Border bowmen,
Aye defend your rights and common.

This is a verse of the Common Riding Song, with an allusion to the same event—

At Flodden Field our fathers
fought it,
Honour gained, though dear they
bought it;
By Teviotside they took the colour,
A dear memorial of their valour.

The "Art Note-Book for Northern Italy," written by "D. R. M.," and published by Messrs. Bemrose, has deservedly reached a second edition, for within its 114 pages it summarises the work of the great Italian painters in a very succinct way,

"THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS SOPHY FULLGARNEY.

The pretty manicurist, determined that her foster-sister, Muriel Eden, shall not marry Quex, listens in her dressing-gown to his Lordship's interview at midnight with his old friend, the Duchess of Strood, and is caught in the act of eavesdropping. This photograph is by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

"THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.



MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS AS MURIEL EDEN.

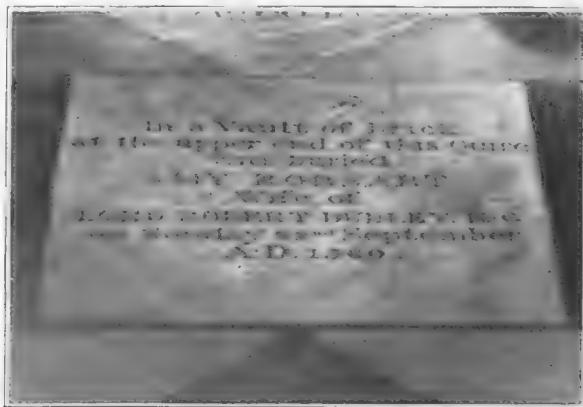
Muriel appears here in evening-dress at Fauncey Court, Richmond, in the Second Act of Mr. Pinero's brilliant comedy. This photograph is by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

POOR AMY ROBSART!

ANDREW LANG TELLS THE PATHETIC STORY OF SCOTT'S HEROINE.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the roofs of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Who does not know the lines of Mickle's ballad, which haunted Scott's memory from boyhood, and blossomed into Mr. Gladstone's favourite novel, "Kenilworth." It was a strange choice of a favourite, for



MEMORIAL STONE TO AMY ROBSART AT OXFORD.

Sir Walter was never at his best off his own grey hills, and, in "Kenilworth," is from his best unusually remote. But "King's chaff is better than other people's corn," and Sir Walter made familiar to men the sad mystery of Amy Robsart's death—the unriddled enigma of Cumnor Hall. Unhappily, I never, when at Oxford, penetrated into "the warm, green-muffled Cumnor Hills" of the "Scholar Gipsy," nor saw the village where Mike Lambourne revelled and drank deep. The reader must turn to the artist for local details, and trust to the illustrations for the village and Mike's haunt, "The Jolly Black Bear." But I can inform him, on the evidence of a letter from Mrs. Hughes to Sir Walter, that in the parish registers or other local records, Mike's family, the Lambournes, down to recent days, figured in a way not unworthy of Mike.

As to Amy Robsart and her doom, "Kenilworth" is most unscrupulously unhistorical. The book came out about Jan. 10, 1821, and on Sept. 10, 1820, Scott did not even know the name of his heroine. The tale was *bâclé* in three months, printed, bound, and all; not much time was left for historical research. Amy Robsart died at Cumnor Hall on Sept. 8, 1560. Yet Scott makes her alive and lovely at a date between 1575 and 1579. He has the audacity to introduce Shakspere as the author of "The Tempest," long before Shakspere left Stratford-on-Avon. This is only the beginning of the Great Magician's dealings with time and space, which he "annihilates to make two lovers" unhappy. The plot hinges on Elizabeth's ignorance of Dudley's marriage. For this reason, to keep the Queen in the dark, Amy is lodged, or rather, imprisoned, in Cumnor, which (as Sir Walter was furnishing Abbotsford) she is allowed to decorate with all the glories of romantic upholstery. The visitor thinks of how Amy languished for her lord in these ruined halls which coldly lodge her ghost. But, as a matter of fact, the Queen

between Leicester and the Queen. I have often thought about the romance that Scott might have written, had he placed the story at its true date. He might have produced a novel uncommonly "powerful." Queen Elizabeth, in truth, was within an ace of the fate of Queen Mary of the Scots. She was saved, and hardly saved, by her sense, sound at bottom, by her lack of passion, or power of controlling passion. Had she married Dudley in 1560, as Mary (constrained or not) married Bothwell, the behaviour of those historic rivals would have been exactly parallel. Thus: Bothwell slew Darnley, and married Mary, who was accused of being in the conspiracy to murder her husband. Leicester was charged with killing his wife, and the elements of suspicion against Elizabeth, in the matter of guilty foreknowledge, might be made to look very black. But Elizabeth just escaped, saved as if by fire. She did not marry Leicester, greatly as she desired it, and Cumnor Hall is not her Kirk of Field.

Mary is accused of undue familiarity with Bothwell before Darnley's murder. The charges come from George Buchanan; some are capable of disproof, and George would say anything against the lady whom he had melodiously praised in verse. Now, as early as 1558, De Faria, the Spanish Ambassador, writes of Elizabeth, "She will never let him (Dudley) leave her side." And then poor Amy was banished to Cumnor Hall, owned by Dr. Owen, the Queen's physician, and let to



RICHARD VARNEY'S TOMB IN CUMNOR CHURCH.

Tony Forster, whom tradition accuses of Amy's murder. Amy's one consolation was abundance of new frocks: the mercers' bills are at Longleat.

Well, time went on. "People say that the Queen visits Dudley in his chamber day and night," says De Faria, in April 1559. Amy was reported to be dying of cancer; "it is said that the Queen waits only till she die, to marry Dudley." By Sept. 1559, Lady Sidney told De Quadra (the new Spanish Ambassador) that there had been a plot to murder Dudley and the Queen, so she pretended to mean to marry Don Carlos. Then (November) come De Quadra's reports of Dudley's intention to poison his wife. Elizabeth's dallings with a Spanish marriage are only meant as a blind. Dudley and the Queen are on terms which cannot be trusted to writing. By Aug. 27, 1560, Cecil "dare not write what he might speak. God send her Majesty understanding!" By Sept. 25, 1560, Cecil's intelligence caused Randolph such sorrow "that no grief I ever felt was like unto it." What was the intelligence sent by Cecil to Randolph on Sept. 11? *It was news of the death of Amy Robsart!* On Sept. 11, the date of Cecil's heart-breaking letter to Randolph, that news reached London.

Here was matter for a powerful novel. Amy secluded, threatened, the Queen haunting Amy's husband night and day, the grief of her Ministers, and then, to their horror, the death of the threatened woman by violence, or by "accident." Just before Amy's death, Cecil had told De Quadra that "Dudley had made himself master . . . of the person of the Queen," and that "they were thinking of destroying Dudley's wife." They had "given out that she was very ill, but she was not ill at all, she was very well, and taking care not to be poisoned."

Poisoned Amy was not, but, the day after Cecil told De Quadra all this, the Queen told De Quadra that Amy "was dead, or nearly so, and begged me (De Quadra) to say nothing about it." Amy, when all her



CUMNOR HALL, WHERE AMY ROBSART WAS IMPRISONED.

knew all about Leicester's marriage, an old story of the reign of Edward VI. There was no romantic secrecy in the matter. Scott shifted his dates, and dragged Amy from the grave, because he wanted to bring in the pageants at Kenilworth, which ended in a quarrel

servants were at Abingdon Fair, had broken her neck on the stairs, and, though several ladies were in the house, lay dead for hours, till her servants returned from their junketting. Can anything look worse? A woman who is terribly in the way, a woman whose husband's friends say is very ill, but who is very well, and taking precautions against poison, dies, by violence, without witnesses. The Queen, who has been moping for long in the house, instantly goes out hunting, meets De Quadra, and tells him that her rival is "dead, or nearly so." Why "nearly so"? Why did not Amy's ladies look for her when she left the room, where she had been "playing at tables" with them, and never returned? Nothing can seem worse, but no more was ever known. Dudley, who had sent a messenger from Windsor to Cumnor on the morning after Amy's death, courted inquiry. He asked for a second coroner's inquest. He fell into Elizabeth's disfavour, but that means nothing. She tried to get her servants to murder Mary Stuart, intending to disavow them afterwards. Years later, Amy's half-brother tried to blackmail Leicester. This man was imprisoned, reduced to starvation, and recanted. It is conceivable that, as in "Kenilworth," Leicester meant the worst, repented, and was served by a too hasty agent. The report of the coroner's jury and the record of the Privy Council (which examined the man who tried to blackmail Leicester) are both



CUMNOR CHURCH.



"BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF" INN, CUMNOR.

missing. Throgmorton, the English Ambassador in Paris, would not accept the finding of the coroner's jury. He sent a verbal message to Elizabeth. The Queen only laughed. "None of Dudley's," she said, "were at the attempt at his wife's house," Cumnor Hall. At what "attempt"?

It is an unpleasant affair, this of Cumnor Hall. Scott did not know the Spanish despatches, published by Mr. Froude. So any young author is at liberty to improve on Scott. They introduce Claverhouse and d'Artagnan into their tales, and modesty will not prevent them from writing "The New Kenilworth."

ANDREW LANG.

STRONGHOLDS OF THE CULINARY ART.

Everybody has heard the bitter complaints that the sojourner in this country from across the Channel hurls at what we euphemistically describe as "good plain cooking." It is, therefore, somewhat of a novelty to be assured on the very best authority—no less, indeed, than that of the *chef* who has had the honour of presiding over the frying-pans and stew-pots of the late Baroness Hirsch in Paris—that England is one of the two remaining strongholds of the culinary art. Russia is the other. According to M. Docquet, the only people who know how to eat nowadays are a few English and Russian noblemen, in whose houses the old traditions are still adhered to. In France the science of cookery is in a parlous condition. M. Docquet

plaintively enumerates some of the principal causes to which he attributes this sad state of affairs. Not only do guests invited to dinner arrive late, without the least compunction, but no sooner have they sat down to table than they make haste to gobble up one dish after another as fast as knife, fork, and spoon will convey it to their mouths, their only anxiety being to get through what they seem to look upon as a tedious ceremony as quickly as possible, in order to hurry off to some ball or reception, or even to go and watch the antics of some play-actors. They never give the poor *chef* the least encouragement, and his greatest masterpieces pass absolutely unnoticed. At the dinner-table of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, fifteen dishes disappear in the average time of forty minutes! Another of the *cordon-bleu*'s greatest bugbears is *le lunch*, which M. Docquet apparently mixes up with *le five o'clock*. At *le five o'clock* ladies used to be satisfied if they sipped a small cup of tea and nibbled a biscuit. Nowadays they devour chocolate, foie-gras, cold meat, sweetmeats, and Heaven knows what beside, "so that the stomach sees the moment of the serious meal of the day draw near without the slightest anticipatory pleasure, and gladly puts it off as long as possible." If I were a real patriotic Frenchman, I would be struck by the English air there is about *le lunch* and *le five o'clock*, and I would try to discover whether we had not exported them to give the final quietus to one of the most glorious manifestations of *l'esprit Français*.



THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S VISIT TO AMY ROBSART AT CUMNOR HALL.



MISS MARGARET FRASER AS A GORDON HIGHLANDER IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL,"
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY BAKER STREET, W.

A GIRL GORDON HIGHLANDER.

MISS MARGARET FRASER DONS THE KILT AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Oh, listen to the band! What merry tunes they play!
And isn't Tommy grand? hear every maiden say.
Oh, listen to the band! Who doesn't oft remark
That for following a skirt, or for knowing how to flirt,
There's no one like a soldier in the Park?

What countless thousands have applauded the singer of this song, if they have not actually gone into ecstasies over the song of the singer! At the end of every verse, how the people clap Miss Grace Palotta; at the



MISS FRASER IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

end of every refrain, how the gallery gods applaud, until the roof of the Gaiety Theatre shakes again as the chorus marches out after the encores!

"Isn't Tommy grand?" Who will deny the fact in general? Who, looking on the pictures which adorn these pages, will be tempted to question the accuracy of this remark in particular?

By a process of metempsychosis, unknown to the scientist, but a mere bagatelle to the ordinary theatrical manager, a marvellous change has been wrought since "A Runaway Girl" achieved the distinction of a second edition. By a touch of the wand of that magician arbitrarily known on the programme as the stage-manager, a bevy of damsels, who might have represented the "every maiden" of the stanza, have become transformed into representatives of that "Tommy" whom the nation loves and whom Rudyard Kipling has sung.

Prominent among them, the end-man—Brother Bones of immortal memory, as he would be in the Christy Minstrel show—is Miss Margaret Fraser, who makes so pretty and characteristically dainty a figure in her costume as a Gordon Highlander. In the programme she is disguised among the list of characters by the flowery name of Stella D'Aubigny, and is labelled "a Cook's Tourist," and, as "one man in his time plays many parts," so a single girl may go him one better in this respect, as in every other, in the "two hours' traffic of the stage."

The sun, which takes the same liberties with the colour of a dress as it did with Queen Anne's complexion, is responsible for the seeming transformation of the Gordon tartan into that of the Clan MacDonald; but the transformation is only seeming, for the plaid is true Gordon, as Miss Fraser vouches, and she ought to know, seeing that she is a real Scotch girl, the daughter of a real Scotch soldier, for her father is one of the well-known "Forty-Second," and hails from Argyle.

"Two lines and a kilt," is the epigrammatic, if somewhat disdainful, manner in which she speaks of her part in the evening's entertainment; but from two lines—without a kilt—success has come before. Witness innumerable actors who have, "Tommy"-like, risen from the humble ranks to positions of great applause. Did not Miss Grace Palotta herself emerge to success from the chorus, when, on an emergency, though she had been on the stage but a few short weeks, she volunteered to take

the part of Mina in "A Gaiety Girl," and acquitted herself in such a way as to foreshadow her present popularity? Did not Miss Fortescue also emerge from something like two lines, and develop through a starring position with her own company to an important place in the recent play of our chief dramatist? So success will, no doubt, come again in this case; for, in addition to her other accomplishments and her ability both as an actress and a singer, Miss Fraser is a dancer of no mean ability. Indeed, it was as a dancer she first attracted notice, for, at one time, at Daly's Theatre, she used to do one of Miss Letty Lind's dances when that popular little artist was ill, and in "An Artist's Model" she not only played the name-part, but "with light fantastic toe" did—does one do?—two solo dances as well in the course of the evening.

"Two lines and a kilt!" It need hardly be said that they do not fill the aspirations of an artist who desires to be at the top of the tree which grows musical comedy; and whose blossoms are rosy with success—not even when the consideration of a fencing bout with Miss Grace Palotta, the singer of the song one stanza of which stands at the head of this column, is thrown in, to say nothing of sundry other bits of clever work which serve to fill up an evening of pleasant employment.

"Two lines and a kilt!" And, if nothing can be written of the two lines, not a little might be written round that kilt. It was not a tribute to the popularity of that famous regiment which determined the managerial policy in its appearance behind the footlights. It was something subtler far.

It was an inspiration—an inspiration of Miss Fraser herself. Forth went the managerial fiat, "For the second edition of Miss Palotta's song the front row of the chorus will dress in military costume." "Military costume means tights, or something very like it," argued the young ladies, who, had they been members of the rank-and-file of the Gaiety company in the days when the Gaiety's vestals tended that "sacred lamp" of burlesque which was lighted by Mr. John Hollingshead, would have practically lived their artistic life in the bifurcated garments more or less associated with the male population of the mediæval ages. Times have changed since then. The fire of the sacred lamp is quenched; burlesque is dead, and from its ashes musical comedy on no Phoenix wings has risen.

The ladies of the chorus had to be "Tommies," or "boys," in the jargon of the theatre. Miserable reflection! How to circumvent it? Happy



MISS FRASER AS A GORDON HIGHLANDER.

Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

thought! The Hussars wear cloaks which may be conveniently used as drapery, but drapery at its best is not up to a skirt at its worst. A skirt at its worst! Eureka! Why not wear a kilt? And Echo, in accordance with her custom, answered, "Kilt."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A GOOD BOOK ON POLICE AND CRIME.*

France has a full library of books on prisons, crime, and criminals. The Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris is not only stored, but packed with them. Printed, or to be pored over in manuscript, they form a class apart in French literature. They begin before Mirabeau, they are fresh again in Fouché, they go points better than any "new journalism" in Vidocq; and in Macé, Goron, and others of our own day, they are *fin-de-siècle* of the best. An ex-Prefect of Police in Paris, released from office, makes no bones about sitting down to tell a very candid and, in general, a very entertaining and instructive story of his experiences. The system of police in France is not injured by these charming revelations, but the French public is, or should be, advised by them. This kind of writing is, however, almost monopolised by the French. We have Prison Governors, Prison Doctors, Prison Chaplains, Chief Warders, and others connected with the administration, retiring upon pension every year, and brimful of matter, but they don't write memoirs or monographs. Is it that they are unable to use their pens, or is it that their pensions are dependent upon their silence? There is no more consummate sphinx in office than a French Chief-of-Police, but, as it would seem, no one stays his hand when his connection with the Bureau has ceased. What embargo is laid upon our own officials and ex-officials of the police? Major Arthur Griffiths, still in the service, tells us excellent stories, but nobody else ventures to put pen to paper. He, very likely—ex-Governor of Prisons, and, at this day, a Chief Inspector of Prisons—has never told us the best that he could tell; but it remains that, so far as our own generation is concerned, we have little beyond the four or five admirable volumes of Major Griffiths' to set beside the copious official and semi-official literature of crime and criminals which modern France is producing. Happily, they are very good volumes. His "Chronicles of Newgate," more fascinating than most romances, is, as a contribution to history, of a higher value than Ravaission's "Archives de la Bastille"; and his "Secrets of the Prison-House" (a work of which a cheap edition is wanted) makes a nearer approach to the frank and open method of modern France than any other English book on the subject that I am acquainted with. The "Mysteries of Police and Crime" is almost encyclopædic in its range, but there is scarcely a hint in it of compilation, for at every turn the author has a story of his own experience as Governor or Inspector of Prisons to top his facts with. It is a book to read through—not exactly at a sitting, for there are two volumes of it, each a little better than the other—and then to dip into again, here and there, for examples of how best to baffle the police in a game which the police seem generally to have had the best of. To write exhaustively of crime and police in two volumes was not possible, but Major Griffiths has confined himself to the "mysteries" of the subject, and for these he has ransacked both hemispheres. Adding his skill in narrative to his patience in research, he has covered his ground well, and the reader who asks for more than a succession of stories of fascinating crimes will find that every section of the book has its page or two of preface, which classifies the tales, and makes them mere examples. It is a history of the mysterious in crime, and of the success or failure of the police in detecting crime, and it is no less a collection in two volumes of all the "novels of sensation" which may be found in the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In his comparison of the English with the French police, Major Griffiths has no difficulty in making out an excellent case for our own force. There are some things in this business which the French manage better than we do; there are others in which the comparison is rather to our advantage. Our own system, as Major Griffiths observes, "depends largely on its admirable organisation and extensive machinery," whereas, "in Paris the police have greater and at times even arbitrary powers which help much in the pursuit of crime." When praising our own

force, we are, moreover, to remember that it is a growth of yesterday by contrast with the system across the Channel. The French had a wonderful (and an atrociously tyrannous) system of police as far back as the reign of Louis XIV.; we, on the other hand, had nothing worthy of the name at the date (1830) when Sir Robert Peel "introduced a new scheme, the germ of the present admirable force." The Duke of Wellington was at the head of the Administration; he backed Peel strongly; and—to show how little at that day we liked the idea of a regular police force—both of them were roundly abused for the measure. "The scheme of an improved police," says Major Griffiths, "was denounced as a determination to enslave, an insidious attempt to dragoon and tyrannise over the people. . . . There were idiots who actually accused the Duke of a dark design to seize supreme power and usurp the throne; it was with this base desire that he had raised this new 'standing army' of drilled and uniformed policemen, under Government, and independent of local ratepayers' control." The "new tyrants," the police themselves, were "raw lobsters" from their blue coats, "bobbies" and "peelers" from Sir Robert Peel, "crushers" from their "heavy-footed interference with the liberty of the subject," "coppers" because they "copped" or captured his Majesty's lieges, and so forth. The introduction of the plain-clothes policeman, or detective (the natural successor of the old Bow Street runner), a few years later, occasioned fresh alarms, which were sounded first from the House of Commons, where a Committee solemnly deprecated "any approach to the employment of spies."

The French methods of detection have never been in favour here, and we have nothing like them even at the present day. But they are exceedingly useful at times, and there is no denying the fact that the French police officer is usually a better and more successful sleuth-hound in a crime of mystery than any which Scotland Yard unsnips. Jack-the-Ripper, the Great Coram Street Case, the Battersea Bridge and Waterloo Bridge murders baffled the best skill we could employ. Contrast with failures such as these the tracking down of Voirbo by the young Commissary Macé (the best story in Major Griffiths' book), where the French method, under the control of genius, vindicates itself triumphantly. Had Voirbo been an English murderer, or rather, had he committed his crime in England, it is probable he would have gone scot-free. Here, as Major Griffiths observes, "a strongly suspected person is treated with the utmost tenderness; even when arrested, on supposed good grounds, the prisoner is warned against committing himself." In France they go to work in a precisely opposite fashion; traps

are laid for the suspect at every turn, and, if the police can by any means bring him to commit himself, they will do it. Still, Major Griffiths assures us, they have much respect in France for the English system, and the police of both countries work together with the utmost cordiality. A number of Paris *sergents de ville* were sent over here on one occasion to learn how our police handled the traffic of London; but that secret, as most visitors to Paris can testify, has not yet crossed the Channel.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE EDITOR OF "HANSARD."

Every student of Parliamentary history has heard of "Hansard." Strange to say, it is edited by a Parsee, Mr. Kapadia, the barrister who defended the notorious Mrs. Dyer. He is the only son of a well-known Shanghai merchant. Of Parsee parentage, he was born at Bombay in 1864, and educated at Bombay and Cambridge Universities. Mr. Kapadia became a scribe at the early age of fifteen, contributing articles on various topics to Indian and Chinese periodicals. Of recent years his attention has been equally divided between the law and literature. An important change in the printing of the "Parliamentary Debates" has commenced with the present Session. Hitherto a firm of printers has been entrusted with the work. This year, Mr. F. Moir Bussy, the enterprising contractor for the Hansard serial, becomes his own printer at Clement's House, Clement's Inn. Mr. Kapadia is an ardent and ambitious politician, a persuasive and popular speaker, a keen sportsman, and an excellent host.

* "Mysteries of Police and Crime: A General Survey of Wrongdoing and its Pursuit." By Major Arthur Griffiths, Author of "Memorials of Millbank," "Chronicles of Newgate," "Secrets of the Prison-House," &c. Two Vols. London: Cassell and Co.



MISS SAQUI IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Saqui, who dances so prettily, is an Australian. She has been on the stage four years, and came to England eighteen months ago, when Mr. George Edwardes engaged her for three years. She has appeared in "A Greek Slave" and "The Circus Girl," and she is now at the Gaiety, where Messrs. Downey photographed her.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The theory of the ardent Radical in former days was that our ancient Universities were the homes of wealth and luxury, of traditional learning tempered with ancestral port, of low thinking and high living. This notion has been largely dissipated by the Extension movement, which has deserved well of the State in saving quite a number of earnest young men from starvation; and has provided harmless employment for the spare time of thousands of provincial people who want to improve their minds. There can be no doubt that young Oxford and Cambridge are as high-minded and disinterested as the most ardent democrat outside their circles; and in poverty they excel the labour leader. And the antiquated Radical notion of the Universities, once not altogether false, will not survive the frank confession of destitution and piteous appeal for funds just issued by the Cambridge University Association.

It has long been known to all members of that University that the revenues of the University and the Colleges alike were dwindling in face of increasing calls. Agricultural depression, hard as it hit all landowners, hit Colleges hardest. A corporation is almost at the mercy of its tenant. It can't farm the land itself if the tenant goes out—at least, it always loses if it tries such a speculation. It is cheated without scruple and defied without fear by a bad tenant. If any landlord gives abatements, the College must; and so the process goes on, till Fellowships are whittled down to the vanishing point. The fat, idle Fellows of the Radical dream are impossible; no Fellow of a College can grow fat on his Fellowship, and, if he were to be idle, he would starve.

But the dignity and splendour of an ancient institution have imposed on the world. The casual visitor, invited to an annual College feast, supposed that his hosts fared sumptuously every day, and every night quaffed old port on the banks of a river of marvellously polished old mahogany. Nay, on one occasion an M.P., himself once a University man, did not scruple to hold up to opprobrium the Fellows of a College, drinking claret and champagne at the expense of tithe-payers. Perhaps he never received a terminal wine-bill for his share of the wine at dinner. Again, when a College owns some magnificent chapel, the ordinary ignorant man supposes that all else is on the same royal scale, and does not know that the marvellous building is the despair of the financial officers of the College, and drains away too great a share of its scanty revenues.

New Colleges and Universities have better chances of endowment. Local millionaires set them up and endow them lavishly. Everybody knows such institutions need the money; they have only just started. Again, the glory is greater in the smaller place; it is better to some men to be founder of Pedlington College than merely one in a list of benefactors to the University of Cambridge. In America, where everything is on a larger, if not always a greater scale, rich men endow Universities, help them, even give them blank cheques. Why doesn't an Astor or a Vanderbilt give Cambridge a blank cheque?

To be relieved from pressing and grinding needs the University of Cambridge needs a mere trifle of £200,000. To be fairly comfortable she needs a cool half-million. Surely this ought to be forthcoming. It is just about enough to build a first-class cruiser; it is not much more than half the cost of a big battleship. There are thousands of Cambridge men in good positions; hundreds who may be called moderately wealthy. Let the thousands give their tens, let the hundreds give their hundreds, and the units their thousands, and the sum is found. It did not take long to get the money for the College at Khartoum. And yet that was but for teaching the black to acquire the elements of civilisation; the other sum would go for enabling our own best men to carry on the great traditions of England as a home of great minds, one of the world's providers in literature, scholarship, and science.

Of course, one knows why Gordon College, Khartoum, got its money at once, and Cambridge may have to wait years for what she needs. Cambridge students obtain public recognition only when they appear at Putney or at Lord's, and the average man would probably rather endow a cricket-match than a Professorship.

And yet our ancient Universities are places of much hard work. Probably nowhere, not even in Germany, is more good labour of trained intellects given for less return in wealth. The teacher with eight hundred a-year is a sort of duke; the wealthy classes have six hundred. Some day a British Balzac will produce a real study of the world of Dons and their wives, and reveal a little of the genteel poverty that reigns in many learned households. Were it not for the poll-man, the careless candidate for the ordinary and easy degree, the hoihours man could not live, nor could his teacher. So even the stupidest undergraduate has his value. Without him and his like, the successful athletes of examinations would find the game worth much less than the candle.

But this is hardly equitable, though it is certainly acting on the law of nature. Also it is precarious. Every now and then the University awakes to a sense of its duty. Then it makes the ordinary degree examination stiffer, and appoints lectures for it. This discourages the geese that are to lay the golden eggs for the owls of Pallas Athene to live on. The poll-man will desert some day. Wherefore let the world hurry up with that half-million. As a University man, I know it is needed. I need it myself.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In "Two Men o' Mendip" (Longmans) Mr. Walter Raymond reaches a very high level. For genuinely good workmanship few recent novels can compare with it. Considered merely as a story, it is his best up to the present moment, and for pictures of rural life and portraits of rustic character it is even better than he has led us to expect from his former work in "Love and Quiet Life" and "Gentleman Upeott's Daughter." It has that sign of a good drama, that it clears away your objections to its course, and compels you to admit its truth to the nature of things. For you do not raise objections at first to the idea that a man's life should be wrecked completely because he knows the hand that did a murder—about which there may have been condoning circumstances—and yet keeps the secret. But the secret is kept not out of friendliness, but from fear. And fear in the heart of a man habitually brave and independent works ruin and degradation. How the life of his daughter, one of the fresh and charming country girls Mr. Raymond knows so well how to paint, is involved, and how a blithe and sunny home is overcast with tragedy, he tells with great simplicity and great impressiveness. There is no melodrama; there is not a forced note anywhere. Yet sensitive readers will not miss the effect. Mr. Raymond's methods are too quiet and too artistic to make a very wide appeal. But he ranks high among the good workers, the serious artists of present-day fiction.

The cheerful writers of "Rejected Addresses" have at last had due honour paid to them in a lengthy biography. Mr. A. H. Beaven's "Life of James and Horace Smith" (Hurst and Blackett) has been partly compiled from family documents hitherto inaccessible, and partly from published memoirs and reminiscences of other celebrities. It must be said that the second source is much the more fruitful of interest. The new Life is not for that reason superfluous. It was worth while collecting from other books the anecdotes and recollections of two brilliant men who were social favourites and patrons of literature in the best sense. Long ago all their many literary efforts save one have been forgotten; stories, dramas, essays have sunk into oblivion. But the brothers remain, with Calverley and Carroll, our best parodists; and Horace deserves special remembrance as the friend of Shelley. He lent the poet money, was his financial agent, and Shelley said of him, "It's odd that the only truly generous person I ever knew who had money to be generous with should be a stockbroker." "And he writes poetry too," he added; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous." This was a testimony to be proud of. And this rather clumsy biography at least reminds us of it, if it does little else.

The schoolmaster is rarely treated seriously in fiction, though in one notable instance, "Lord Ormont," he was made a fine hero. Too commonly he is merely a butt. In Miss Ethel Coxon's story, "Within Bounds" (Constable), he is more justly treated as a warning. The novel is not, perhaps, first-rate, but it is wholesome reading for the pedagogic tribe, who are portrayed in it as good, unselfish, pure-hearted fellows, but who are not always fit to be guides or companions to ordinary men and women. They live too much "within bounds." As one of them says, "This sympathy with boys and living with them we have carried to such a pitch that we cease to have character, pursuits, interests of our own; we miss our own manhood, and become elderly composite photos of many boys." It is a pathetic and able little story, telling of the blight on a young girl's life caused by a scholastic environment, where those responsible for her happiness are too much occupied with correcting boys' faults and keeping them within bounds to understand the needs of a nature that has outgrown childhood and craves for the emotions of the bigger world. A story with an excellent purpose is Miss Coxon's.

A translation has appeared of Maeterlinck's Dramas for Marionettes. It forms the new volume of Messrs. Duckworth's series of Modern Plays. Maeterlinck is so easy to read in French, and so altogether impossible to translate adequately, that one cannot express any great satisfaction with the attempt. And the result hardly justifies it. It is not literary ability that is requisite for such a task—poetic sensibility, rather; and sensitive poets are more frequently as well as better inspired in doing original work of their own than in rendering the work of other people into an alien tongue. So, while the translators here have done all they could in the way of accuracy, they have not retained all the original flavour. In English, the plays look bald and clumsy, and the more coherent the language into which they are put, the more incoherent do they become. Maeterlinck's words suggest happenings in a world of souls. Mr. Sutro's seem to affirm wildly improbable incidents in the world of all of us. And the fault is hardly his. Maeterlinck plays too much on the nerves for words other than his own to represent him accurately. The translations, however, give a hint of the wonder of the originals. They are no more dramas for marionettes than is "Pelléas et Mélisande," which has the same kind of needs and limitations. Maeterlinck never wanted human actors and actresses to try to interpret his plays. They should be presented by shadows or puppets, and the words spoken by some sweet, impersonal, monotonous, distant voice. The most obviously human of Maeterlinck's plays, "Interior," which Mr. Archer has translated as well as possible, might have some chance on the stage. But where is the audience who would sit out what seems to be merely preliminaries, and then bear to see the curtain fall just when something is about to happen?

O. O.



MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

She is one of the most distinguished woman writers of the day. She was educated at Dresden and at Bedford College, and is a B.A. of London University. Her "Ships that Pass in the Night" has been a colossal success. Her new novel, "The Fowler," has just been published by Blackwood and Sons. It is a most interesting analytical study, and will excite widespread attention and criticism. Mr. Bassano, of Old Bond Street, is the photographer.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

The bleating of lambs is once more heard in the land, and the interesting creatures may be seen disporting themselves on the greensward in the sheep-field or wending their way through rural lanes. Wherever found, they make a picture of unstudied grace; no posing for the camera here—just a wild abandonment to a sense of enjoyment as they bask in the sunshine. The present season has been a favourable one; for the lambs the wind has been tempered indeed, and, although the turnips are small and scarce, the grasslands have afforded continual pasture. A visit to the sheep-fold will put up quite a cloud of birds—finches, sparrows, starlings, and jackdaws, who come to devour the scattered corn.

I have photographed nearly every breed of sheep in these islands, including the wild species found at the Zoological Gardens, the Welsh mountain and Irish Roscommon in their native pastures, and the tiny Shetlands; and in every case the lambs, when alarmed, rush to their dams for comfort before taking flight, thus exhibiting the instincts of their remote ancestors, who, being comparatively defenceless, had to take to the upper ranges of mountains and trust to their fleetness of foot for safety, their constant exposure to a low temperature eventually inducing the growth of a warm, woolly covering. In due time, they were introduced to this country, and ever since the dawn of history Britain has been celebrated for its wool. The Romans very highly esteemed it, and garments made from British wool were worn by their nobility. Indeed, it is asserted by some that our immense foreign trade commenced with the export of wool to the Continent. Be that as it may, it is an undoubted fact that sheep remain to-day the backbone of agriculture. First, there is the meat; early lambs always command a good price, as also do good theaves, wethers, and ewes. Then the wool—although its price and quality vary from the lustrous and valuable fleeces obtained from the long-woollen Lincolns to the coarse but useful variety obtained from the Scotch Highlands and mountains of Cumberland—brings in a considerable sum. Then, too, sheep are known, in the picturesque language of Spain, as the animals with golden feet, because wherever they have been folded over the land enormous crops are sure to grow; and, lastly, there is the breeding of pedigree sheep, which has developed enormously in recent times, so that prices which would have seemed fabulous to our forefathers have been obtained for a single sheep, the high-water mark being reached last year, when a Lincoln ram, owned by Mr. Dudding, of Grimsby, was sold for a thousand guineas. Others have been sold for two hundred guineas and upwards, many of them for export, British stock having won a world-wide renown.

J. T. N.

A MAN OF MANY MODES.

Mr. John Mackie's experience as an explorer and stock-keeper in the lonely Never-Never Country of tropical Australia, as a gold-digger in Queensland, and as one of the Mounted Police in North-West Canada, has enabled him to impart much actuality and local colour to the scenes of his romances, "The Devil's Playground," "Sinners Twain," "They that Sit in Darkness," as well as to his latest novel, "The Prodigal's Brother." It was a sudden loss of fortune—giving him, by the way, an opportunity to indulge his innate love of adventure—which prompted his emigrating to Australia; and in search of fresh fields of industry, he was prompted to push his way to the little-known northern territory of Australia lying around the Gulf of Carpentaria. Here, on the Van Alphen River, with only one white companion, he led a most adventurous life for two years as a cattle-rancher, in the midst of hostile and cannibal tribes, who never ceased to make attacks on his compound, killing his men and slaughtering his horses—five spear-wounds of which Mr. Mackie bears the scars testify to the imminence of his peril—until, with assistance from the coast, he gave them a drastic lesson. The year 1885 saw the fatal rush to Kimberley for gold, but Mr. Mackie did not get the gold-fever till the next year, when he up-camped and rode six hundred miles to the diggings at the head of the Gilbert River, or, to be more precise, to the settlement known as Croydon,

on the Caron River, where he engaged in prospecting, not without success, for he sold some of his claims to advantage.

In 1888, Mr. Mackie returned to Scotland, to find his parents dead, whereupon he went out to Canada, where his family was not altogether unknown, and took service in the Canadian Mounted Police, a force manned and officered by scions of the best English families, and which in uniform resembles the Inniskillings, and is, by the way, the only red-coated constabulary in the world. For four or five years, in charge of detachments, he was actively employed in suppressing smuggling and in capturing horse-thieves and marauders, an experience he has turned to good account in his novels. It was in consequence of an article by him in an American newspaper receiving marked attention that he awoke to the fact that he might possibly turn his literary efforts to profit, and, on submitting his first serial novel to a literary adviser, he was persuaded to send it to a London publisher rather than suffer its appearance in a Canadian newspaper. Mr. Mackie has had no reason to regret that he did so. Mr. Mackie, as a bold horseman, a dead-shot, and a powerful swimmer, puts plenty of activity into his books, but he invariably attributes his own feats to others.



BARBARY SHEEP IN TRING PARK.



THE SHEEP-FOLD IN EARLY SPRING.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN ANCIENT GREECE.

Among the ancient Greeks, athletics held a high position. The pick of the young men were carefully trained for a contest of five events, called the *pentathlon*. These five were jumping, throwing the disc, hurling the spear, running, and wrestling.

Their record in jumping, if rightly set down, is still far ahead of ours. They used *halteres*, or dumb-bells, and must have known how to make the most of them, as their record is 55 feet, while ours for a running jump with dumb-bells is only about 30 feet. This not being an ordinary jump or much practised, the record may be low; but the difference is so great that some people think that, in the Greek record, hop, step, and jump must be meant; others think it may be three standing jumps, while some scholars, looking at the text, think that thirty-and-five was originally set down and became altered to fifty-and-five through the carelessness of the scribe. A pick was used for the "garden."

We have nothing very closely resembling throwing the disc. The nearest are quoits and putting the weight, but neither of these brings every muscle of the body into play, as the Greek disc-throwing did.

Of course, brute force always counts to a certain degree, but skill has a surprising amount to do with success. In disc-throwing, the position of the man's body is worth noticing. It is curled up like a watch-spring. A number of young Englishmen, throwing a disc about 5 lb. in weight, increased their throw by several feet simply by copying the attitude of a statue. The Greek record is 95 feet, the Englishmen spoken of attained 90 feet; but probably the disc they used was lighter than the ordinary Greek disc, which was in the form of a plate, and was sometimes of metal, sometimes of stone.

In hurling the spear, accuracy of aim was probably taken into account, as well as distance. It was one of the cavalry exercises

for the men to gallop past an object and hurl their javelin as they passed, as in tent-peggings. Unluckily, we have no record of their proficiency, either on foot or on horseback.

In the short race (210 yards), the runners swung their arms to gain impetus. In the long race, which needed stay, they saved themselves by holding their arms like a modern runner. Here again we have no record, as the Greeks had not watches.

In wrestling, the competitors often wore a cap similar to a football-cap. Their object in doing so was to prevent the opponent from getting hold of their hair. They evidently took some time in "getting a grip," as we have several pictures of the men in the attitude of dancing round one another. One tombstone is probably a wrestler's, as it has a man in this attitude with his hands raised.

The competitors were drawn in pairs, and the winners of the majority of the five events were drawn again till the whole was decided. The men were nude, and no women spectators were admitted. The advantage to the sculptors of seeing the nude in action is obvious, and might alone



A SHORT RACE.

account for the superiority of Greek over modern studies of the nude. Then, too, the men's skins got tanned, and lost that appearance of being undressed which models have.

This all-round contest had a good effect on the general and harmonious development of the body, as in the spear-bearer of Polyclitus. Later on,

when specialisation set in, the fatal effect of a one-sided training became apparent by the disappearance of this visible harmony, and the brutal development of the required muscles; or by other deformities, such as the flattened ears of the Olympian boxer. In Roman times the trained athlete became a by-word, but the mischief had already begun when the young men who wished to study philosophy threw aside *gymnastic*, as systematic exercise was called. It was then that athletics began their downward course in the ancient world. Nowadays history is repeating itself, and our best English games are falling into the hands of professionals, and being lost to the general public as a training and an amusement.

What athletics Athenian women performed is not known, but, judging from the pictures on vases, they must have taken exercise to develop their muscles. It was considered necessary for them, for the two little girls who spent a year on the Acropolis in the service of Athena had a tennis-court provided for their use. Spartan women had athletic sports of their own, to which men were not admitted. This was also the case at Olympia.

The great meeting for sports took place at Olympia once every four years, and was considered as a religious duty. A truce to war was made for the purpose of the games, which lasted for five days, in the open air, in a space called the *stadium*. This was about 240 yards long and 35 yards wide, and was surrounded by seats rising in tiers, except at the starting-point end. There were grooves cut for the runners' feet in a marble sill at the starting-place, so that they should start fair; and cords divided the length of their courses, so that no one could foul another. The grooves for the two feet are only about six inches apart, which leads us to infer that the start was made in the American fashion, the men leaning forward and supporting themselves on the fingers of one hand.

Those competing had to be of free Greek blood, and to train for ten months at home and for one month at Olympia, under the eyes of the judges. Once the names were formally entered, no one was allowed to



THE SPEAR-BEARER OF POLYCLITUS.



A RACE IN ARMOUR.

scratches. The prize was a wreath of olive. No money prizes were given, but the victor had civic honours paid to him for the rest of his life. A statue was put up in his honour at Olympia, and, when he returned home, part of the city wall was thrown down for him to make a triumphal entry through. Even princes coveted an athletic victory as the highest honour they could gain. But when the sports became vulgarised by the spirit of professionalism, noblemen felt it a degradation to enter the lists, and poets like Euripides declared no evil so pestilent as athletics. Aristophanes, on the other hand, laughs at Euripides and his school of pale, thin students. Later on, athletics were carried to such an extreme of specialisation that they were held to unfit a man even for a soldier's life. To keep clean, athletes oiled themselves, rubbed themselves with sand, scraped the mixture off with a *strigil*, and then bathed.

Besides the *pentathlon*, there were races in armour, and boxing. Boxers wore a strap or thong round the knuckles, partly to protect the hand from damage, and partly as a boxing-glove, to deaden the effect of a blow. In later times, a hard glove studded with nails was worn, as shown on the seated boxer. There was also a combat called the *pancratia*, a fight-as-you-please contest, which must always have been rather savage. There were also races on horseback and in chariots; but these, to use a classic phrase, are another story.

M. GARDNER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

"Jack, I really don't think I can bear that wardrobe where it is, with the long glass just opposite my bed. I know I shall have nightmare. Do you think it could be moved?"

I hesitated and murmured something about the trouble of having the furniture moved in a hotel, &c., while handing my wife the English letter I had brought upstairs for her. She had been lying down after our journey, and now sat up on the bed to utter the above remarks about the wardrobe. She was very pretty, that little wife of mine, with her curly, tousled head, and the face that sleep had flushed to a soft rosy-pink—very pretty, and so ludicrously, ridiculously young to look at.

Her letter did not occupy her long. She looked at me again.

"Jack, darling, you will have that wardrobe moved, won't you? If I were to wake in the night and see my own face in it, I should be so horribly frightened. Do have it moved, Jack, dear!" She knew perfectly well, little witch, that if she spoke to me like that, and looked at me pleadingly out of her pretty eyes, she would get exactly what she wanted—and, of course, she did this time. The wardrobe, which had been placed precisely opposite one of the two beds that jutted out from the wall between the door and window, was now moved to the corner near to the window itself, so that, although from the beds we could still catch a glimpse of the glass, we could see nothing reflected in it.

We were staying in a big, pleasant hotel, the locality of which matters little. We found many pleasant folk among our fellow guests, and we had really a delightful evening, spent chiefly in sitting upon the terrace which overlooked the very lovely garden of the hotel. The delicious scents of the many flowering shrubs filled the air with exquisite fragrance; the fresh breeze blowing softly round us seemed to come straight from the great range of mountains along the horizon, giant shapes, dim and misty, outlined against the pale green of the evening sky, where the stars were coming out one by one.

It must have been very late before we reluctantly dragged ourselves indoors, and went up to our room. Just before putting out the light, I opened the venetians outside our window to breathe the heavenly air once more. It was a still, starry night. The garden below me was quite dark, and the dim mountain shapes could no longer be seen. The nightingales in the bushes sang and sang as if they could never sing enough, and to the music of their song, with a deep underecurrent of the bull-frogs' emphatic voices, I fell asleep.

I slept the sleep of the just, as I usually do, and, I should think, must have been asleep for some time, when, suddenly, a flash of light before my eyes woke me. My first impression was that it must be lightning; my next, that my wife had turned on the electric light over our heads. But, as I woke up fully, I realised that the room was dark; from the bed next to mine I could hear quiet breathing, showing, beyond a doubt, that my wife was asleep.

But—but—I sat up in bed, and stared; for the long glass in the cupboard, which had been moved that afternoon, was entirely lighted up. As I have said, this cupboard now stood nearer to the window than it had done before, and, though it was not opposite my bed, the light upon the glass had evidently flashed into my eyes and awoke me. But where in the name of fortune had the light come from? I rubbed my eyes. I leant a little out of bed, as I tried to persuade myself that some light from outside must be reflected in the glass, though I knew perfectly well that this was impossible, for not only were the venetians closed, but the curtains inside the room were also drawn.

Then I tried to think that the light came through the keyhole of a room opening into ours; but this was a still more fallacious argument, for the door in question was on the farther side of my wife's bed, and nothing could by any means have been reflected from it into that glass.

"Well," I thought, "I am the victim of a most extraordinary optical delusion!" For, whilst I sat up in bed and stared at it, that glass remained steadily lighted up!

"I shall get up and see if it is something outside the window," I muttered; and, creeping very softly out of bed, I drew back the curtains and gently opened the venetians. Everything in the garden was absolutely still, and pitch, pitch dark. Not a sign was to be seen in any direction of a light of any sort or kind, and even the stars were blotted out by great black clouds. I turned back towards the room. It, too, was entirely dark—with the exception of that glass, which was still brilliantly lighted from top to bottom.

But, all at once, I noticed an extraordinary circumstance. The glass did not reflect the stove and chair, which were the only objects now in front of it, neither did I see myself mirrored in it. On the contrary, I saw in it only a bed, and in the bed lay a form—a woman's form. I could see quite plainly how her black hair was tossed about on the pillow in curly disorder.

"It seems queer," I said to myself, with, I must confess, a very weird and uneasy sensation; "deuced queer!"

I should like to have *done* something—turned on the light, rung a bell, or, in fact, done anything but what I did do, stand there rooted to the spot, with fascinated eyes fixed on that glass.

Where the dickens did that bed come from? And who was the

woman in it? It was not my wife, that I could swear, for her hair was fair and fluffy, and that woman's was black as night.

Then, as I watched, my hair literally stood on end with horror. I believe I was shaking with fright, for I saw that figure in the glass sit bolt upright in bed, a look of such wild terror on her face as I shall never forget—never to my dying day. Her eyes, fixed on something which I could not see, grew strained and staring, in a perfect agony of fear and horror. I saw her open her mouth as though to say something—to cry out, I thought it was. I saw the flush of sleep fade from her cheeks, leaving an ashy whiteness in its place. Then she threw out her hands with a passionately pleading gesture towards something that was coming to her—a very agony of appeal in her every movement.

And at that moment there came into the blaze of light a tall man's figure. He seemed to come from the end of the bed, as though he had entered the room by a door immediately opposite to it. (In a flash of recollection, I remembered a third door in our room, opening directly opposite my wife's bed.) I could not see the man's face; he was dressed in some sort of dressing-gown, and in his uplifted hand he held a great knife. He paid not the very smallest heed to the agonised gestures of the woman. He simply advanced to the head of the bed with great strides. The woman crouched back against the pillows, her poor little hands pitifully beating against his shoulder, but he seemed utterly regardless of her terror or of her appeals. He pressed her back—farther, farther back against the pillows, and I saw her white, upturned face gleam in the flashing light. I could see the fearful, deadly terror in her dark eyes as suddenly he raised the great knife high in one hand, holding the other over her mouth—to stop her screaming, I suppose.

But he did not, as I expected, plunge the knife deep into her heart. No, he lifted the pillow, like another Othello, and pressed it down, down upon her, till I felt as if I myself were being suffocated. Then he lifted it up again, and laid her down, and, as he did so and turned away, laying the knife beside her on the bed, I saw his face—a dark, evil, devil's face. It seemed to glower at me out of the brilliantly lighted glass just for a second, and I saw his every feature—the black, evil eyes, the hard mouth, the low forehead, over which a straight lock of black hair fell. I saw how he lifted his hand to push the hair out of his eyes—and then, all at once, the light faded out of the glass and I could see no more.

The room was in darkness, and, sick with horror, shivering with a horrible dread, I crept into bed again. I did not sleep another wink. I could only lie and puzzle over the gruesome thing I had seen, and speculate over and over again as to its cause or its object. But I arrived at no solution, and never in my life have I been so thankful as I was that morning to see the grey dawn steal through the venetians and to hear the birds calling to each other in the garden below.

My wife remarked on my appearance, which was certainly not altogether festive. I looked as though I had been having a rowdy night, which I most emphatically had not! Avoiding as best I could my wife's anxious questions, I dressed hurriedly, being above all things anxious that she should never know of the horror I had seen in that hateful glass. I went downstairs as soon as I could, and sought out the owner of the hotel.

He is not a master of my language, but, fortunately, I am familiar with his, and I asked him quietly, but with a good deal of lordly severity, to explain my extraordinary experience of the previous night.

I think he meant at first to deny all knowledge of the phenomenon; but he had turned visibly pale at my allusion to it, and obviously knew all that was to be told. And, with a little more browbeating, I got it out of him. He apologised most humbly and profoundly for having put us into that room; but, as he explained, the hotel was so full that it was unavoidable. He then went on to tell me that, some time before, an Italian lady and gentleman, husband and wife, had occupied the room we had slept in and the one next to it, whose door was opposite to my wife's bed. On the morning after their arrival the husband had roused the whole hotel, declaring wildly that his wife had been murdered—which had, indeed, proved to be the case. There lay the lady, stone-dead, a knife beside her on the bed—one of the hotel knives, my host explained in an injured voice—and her husband nearly mad with grief and horror. But the strange thing was that, though the knife lay there, no sign was visible of its having been used. The poor lady had evidently been suffocated. The husband, who had slept in the room next to his wife's, said that the door between their rooms had been open all night, but he swore he had heard no sound. How the murderer had come, where he had vanished to, and, above all, why he had murdered the poor, innocent lady, remained profound mysteries.

"Do you mean that the murderer is still at large?" I asked the hotel-keeper.

He nodded.

"Well, I could identify him anywhere," I said sharply.

The man looked at me keenly.

"You saw, sir—you saw?" he stammered.

"I saw the whole thing, from beginning to end, in that infernal glass," I replied; "the whole ghastly performance. Has no one ever seen it before?"

Mine host crossed himself rapidly.

"It has been seen before," he whispered; "but no one has ever seen

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THE SKETCH.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"FLUFFY AND MUFFY."

it all. The lighted glass—yes—and a lady, the lady in the bed—and a man who enters. But, then—no one has ever dared to stay to face all the horror through. No one ever saw the man's face. They have all fainted, or run away—or what not. You saw his face, sir?" he ended incredulously.

"As plainly as I see yours," I said. "If ever I see it in real life, I will let you know."

We moved our room that night, on some plea I gave my wife—I forget now what it was—and a few days later we left the place, and I must confess, honestly, I was not sorry to go.

But fate works strangely sometimes. Six months later, my wife was convalescent after a severe illness, and the doctors insisted on my taking her to this very place again. I suggested many other localities. But, no; there she must go, and nowhere else. So, back we went, and found it very charming, even in winter; steeped in sunshine, fresh and sweet, with clear, dry air and deep-blue sky.

We had been there a week, and my wife and I were sitting at our small table in the great dining-room waiting for lunch, when the door behind us opened and someone came in.

"Oh, what a hateful-looking man!" my wife exclaimed, and I saw her shudder. I glanced around, and, by Jove! I shuddered myself, for, walking down that dining-room, with a brazen, jaunty air, was the very man whom I had seen in the glass murdering the poor lady. Without a word, I bolted out of the room and breathlessly rushed to the bureau, where the

master of the house looked at me as if I were a lunatic.

"The man is here!" I said, as soon as I could speak.

"What man?" he asked, bewildered.

"The man who murdered the lady in that room where the glass is. Come quickly; I will show him to you."

I think he still thought me mad, but he reluctantly followed me to the dining-room door, and I pointed cautiously down the long room to a table at the other end, where the gentleman in question was placidly beginning his soup.

"There," I said; "there he is, sitting at that table!"

"But no, sir, no!" gasped my companion; "you are mistaken. It is impossible; that is the lady's husband. He comes here every year, to lay flowers on her grave."

"Oh, does he?" I answered, savagely; "then the more devil he! That is the man who murdered her, I swear it!"

And he was the man.

Other little bits of evidence cropped up, and in the end the miserable creature confessed to the deed. It was some story of fiendish and impossible jealousy, and of awful, ungovernable temper; but the details have escaped my memory.

One curious fact remains, or, perhaps, two facts. One is that from the day the villain confessed his deed was never again enacted. The other is that, from that day to this, I have never either cared or dared to sleep in a room where a long glass faced my bed.



MISS DAISY HARRIS SEDGER.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE SISTERS.

THE BOOM IN ROMANTIC DRAMA

Some while ago many were prophesying that a boom in so-called romantic drama was at hand, and that frock-coat and trouser, "claw-hammer," and latest Paris creations were to be out of the running. There was some truth in the prophecy, and we are in the full swing of a boom—or



A GLIMPSE OF "A DAY OFF," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photo by Wilson.

beginning of a slump—with a French Revolution one night, "Change Alley" and the South Sea Bubble another, and "In Days of Old," or the Wars of the Roses, for latest. What is the outcome?—a boom for the costumier and stage-armourer, "record" houses, if the inspired paragraphs may be believed, and very little real drama. The essential difference between the non-romantic and the romantic drama appears to be that, in the former, the interest lies in what the people are; in the latter, in what they wear; in the one, in what they say; in the other, in what they do; whilst for men in clothes one has mannikins in costumes, or mannikins in pannikins, to use a jingle phrase. The authors should have taken to heart a saying of the famous and ugly Wilkes, which I venture to quote, or misquote, that the handsomest man in London had only half-an-hour's start of him in love-making. The most handsomely mounted costume-play has only half-an-hour's start of the modern-day drama.

Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, in "Change Alley," their new play at the Garrick, which has already seen American audiences, and Mr. Edward Rose, in the St. James's piece, "In Days of Old," have relied too much on "atmosphere," local colour, historical interest, and costume, with the result that, when their works are stripped of these accessories, one finds them hardly worthy of the authors. The true way to build your romantic piece is to accept the idea of the elder Dumas of "four planks and a passion"—another misquotation, perhaps—and, after writing a play that would act under Elizabethan stage conditions, to amuse yourself by romantic embellishment; you must not begin from the outside. What is the theme of "Change Alley" when stripped? A young man, after a seafaring life, suddenly inherits a fortune, abandons the Tearsheets of seaport towns, sets up as a bachelor county squire, overspends his income, falls in love with his neighbour's pretty daughter, is advised by his solicitor to make a pile by playing in the copper "boom," and gives the man of law *carte blanche*, power of attorney, and title-deeds. The solicitor pretends to bolt, and really lies in hiding; the young man deems himself ruined, but resolves to retrieve his fortune and his honour—the honour is good—by a big flutter on the Stock Exchange. The slump comes; the young man has a gorgeous chance of bearing, "instead of which" he prowls about and howls. An old shipmate hunts down the lawyer, and gets back the title-deeds and power of attorney, which fall into the hands of the girl. The young man resolves to emigrate; the girl, after an orthodox misunderstanding scheme, restores the missing papers to him, and all is beer and bliss. You have pretty scenes, picturesque incidents, including a duel, a riot, a comic dinner with speeches, and a dance; but, alas! remain unmoved by the piece and uninterested in its persons. The company is of prodigious strength—on paper; but several performers of quality and renown had little to do save grace the affair with their names. Mr. Fred Terry has caught so perfectly the style and voice of his wife that there were moments when you might have fancied she was masquerading in doublet and hose. Miss Neilson, unfortunately, was at her most artificial—doubtless, to suit the period. Mrs. Lewis Waller played excellently in a "glued-on part." Mr. Murray Carson's picture of an old eighteenth-century sea-salt was an admirable piece of acting. What were actresses of such quality as Miss Hall Caine and Miss Lillah McCarthy doing in that *galère*—the hulk of the *Fury*? We are not so rich in actresses as to wish to have them playing parts of irrelevant *bona robas*.

You may put "In Days of Old" in a nutshell. It is Hero and Claudio—without a Beatrice or Benedick—with a complication caused by the marriage of the flouted girl to a third party, who has to be killed off in the last Act. Add to this a very picturesque first Act and colossal reticence in the matter of explanation, and a series of exciting incidents as well as a very pretty dance and love-scene. Of men in armour there were plenty; we have lately had a glut of men in armour. The cleverness in suggesting period is undeniable, the ingenuity of invention is obvious, and it is only when one gets to the actual play that the feeling of bewilderment, and even disappointment, forces itself in. Of course, much will be done after the first night: waits will be shortened, scenes curtailed, explanations offered, useless complexities effaced; the heroine's part will be played with more fire; perhaps Miss Violet Vanbrugh will be relieved of a needless broken-English accent, and, if Mr. Rose be wise, he will give Squire Arnym a stronger case of suspicion than he had. The outcome should be that what is not unlikely to be the last work of the present romantic "boom" may be converted into a gallant, gay spectacle, which, if it add little to any reputation, save, perhaps, that of Mr. H. B. Irving, who gave a really powerful and ingenious performance, may well run through the season. Certainly Mr. Alexander played with fire, Mr. Brough with humour, Mr. Rawson Buckley with sense of character, Mr. H. V. Esmond with imagination, and Miss Esmé Beringer with charm and grace.

"A GOOD TIME"—PERHAPS, PERHAPS NOT.

It may be that the serious playgoer—if such a person exist—will challenge the title of the new piece at the Opéra Comique, for "A Good Time," even when styled an "electrical" musical farce, and graced with the name of G. R. Sims as author, hardly appeals to those who demand a high standard of art. Yet its unaffected gaiety, simple humours, and an energetic performance will certainly render it palatable to the many. After severe struggles during the week with plots of more pretentious pieces, the critic may be pardoned if he shirk the task of telling the tale about a baby—not a real baby of genius, like the child in "Grierson's Way," but a dummy—that forms the pivot of the very amorphous pseudo-dramatic entertainment which caused no little applause on the first-night, mainly by somewhat boisterous means. It is agreeable to see that Miss Kitty Loftus has taken good advice, and avoids the exaggeration which has marred some of her performances. The result is a touch of prettiness in the work, particularly in the "Looking-Glass" song, which she delivered charmingly. Mr. Lemiox Lockner, who is new to me, has a pleasant voice and some idea of art; and Miss Amy Farrell gave real pleasure even in the "coon" song which used to be in fashion in such entertainments. The energy and the clever dancing of Mr. George Walton and Mr. William Walton—who during the country run of the piece, under the name of "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," have worked up their comic business to a high degree of facility of execution—
E. F. S.



MISS CASABONI AS LA BELLE FRANCE IN THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

Photo by Wilson.

THEATRE ODDS AND ENDS.

It is nearly ten years since I first saw Mr. T. W. Lovell. He was then playing the part of Clement Hale in "Sweet Lavender," to Mr. T. W. Robertson's Dick Phenyl. Since those days Mr. Lovell has been "a walking gentleman" in many plays. At the present moment he is in Australia, from whence I got this photograph of him. He is always good, and I hope he will yet attain better parts than the colourless walking "gents" afford.

Have you seen "Humanity," with its collapsible staircase sensation? I remember watching it in a provincial town some years ago with a thrill of horror. Goodness knows how much crockery was broken during the fall of that stair with two men struggling on the top of it! Of recent years, Mr. John Lawson, who plays the part of the Jew in it, has been presenting it as a sketch at the music-halls. The poster which I once repro-

duced is startling and almost incredible, and yet the play is founded on fact, being based on a murderous encounter that occurred between a Mr. Roberts and Major Murray at 16, Northumberland Street, Strand, on July 12, 1861. Herewith I give a picture of the rooms after the affray. The rooms communicated with each other by folding-doors, and were furnished in the most luxurious and costly style, but the whole of the rich furniture and ornaments were covered with a thick layer of dust, of years' standing. Amid pools of blood, broken tongs, wine-bottles, pistols, and the furniture generally, were lying about in hideous confusion. Major Murray denied all knowledge of Mr. Roberts before the tragedy. Roberts, who died in the hospital, stated that Murray was the aggressor.

Mr. George Howard, who has for some years been associated with Mr. Wilson Barrett, having accompanied him on his recent American and Australian tours, has been engaged by Mr. Arthur Collins for the Drury Lane company, and is now appearing as Jean Duval, the youngest member of the diamond gang in "The Great Ruby."



THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MR. ROBERTS AND MAJOR MURRAY AT
16. NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, STRAND.

It is not often that the bystander witnesses the little tragic-comedies of this world that seem to exist primarily for the novelist and playwright. Two or three days ago I came suddenly upon one in the full blaze of the afternoon. I had lunched at a small Bohemian hostelry in Soho, much loved of the cognoscenti, and was strolling through historic Wardour Street intent upon seeking the good digestion that should wait on appetite. Round the corner came a man you probably know by name as well as I; he has been actor and manager, and has only found evil days in the last two or three years. He was walking too rapidly to recognise me; we have no more than a nodding acquaintance at any time. He passed quite close enough to reveal the unkind

for a moment, irresolute, and then brushed through the swinging doors. I paused to think how I have seen him entertaining lavishly at a fashionable restaurant, driving a popular "star" of the lighter stage to the racecourse in style that would have won the approval of Mr. Walter Dickson himself; and then I looked down the street that had suddenly become dingy, and at the grimy shop with all its relics of trouble. After that I sought digestion in vain. *Eheu, fugaces!*

Mr. Sydney Paxton, who has taken Mr. Sam Johnson's place as Mr. Stryver in "The Only Way," now that piece has migrated to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is another link between the Church and the Stage, for his father was the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. He was born in London in 1860, but was educated chiefly in Germany, and joined the profession when only nineteen years of age. He says that during his first year of professional life he certainly played one hundred parts, and had a remarkably useful and varied experience; but his first engagement of any importance was with Miss Kate Santley for "The Merry Duchess" and "La Mascotte," after which he had two seasons of six months each with the Edward Compton Comedy Company at the Strand and Opéra Comique, and was associated with them for over seven years. Then he tried his luck at farcical comedy, and undertook Mr. George Giddens's part in "Husbands and Wives," after which he replaced Mr. Toole in "Walker, London." A year or so ago, Mr. Paxton married Miss Lillie Garde, a niece of Miss Eliza Johnstone, and the daughter of the well-known actor, George Leicester.



MR. JOHN LAWSON.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MRS. BLAND AS GALATEA, AT
SHANGHAI.
Photo by Ying Cheung.



MR. GEORGE HOWARD.
Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

passage of the years that had scored his clothes as heavily as his face. He walked with all the old familiar jaunt dating from the nights when he was "one of the boys," and came to a halt outside the house of—an Uncle. I stood back, feeling he would, for choice, be alone; he paused

completeness with which her amateurs have put their productions on the stage. That, at any rate, was true of the production of "Pygmalion and Galatea" the other week, when Mr. C. Wedemeyer played Pygmalion and Mrs. Bland posed as Galatea.

The Bishop-baited author of "The Gay Lord Quex" has his name starred on an interesting and purely theatrical publication, the *Pinero Comedy Company Herald*, issued by Mr. Eade Montefiore.

The return to the stage of Miss Violet Cameron in the new *revue* at the Crystal Palace brings back an old favourite who has not been seen on the regular boards since she appeared in "Morocco Bound," at the Shaftesbury, about six years ago. Of course, Miss Violet Cameron's name is chiefly associated with the parts she played so successfully in comic opera under the Alexander-Henderson and H. B. Farnie régime, as, for instance, Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville," Bettina in "La Mascotte," Gretchen in "Rip Van Winkle," and Falka. In the last two of these rôles also appeared her colleague and contemporary "star" actress, Miss Florence St. John, whose idiosyncrasy is widely different from that of Miss Cameron.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 3, 8.24; Thursday, 8.26; Friday, 8.28; Saturday, 8.28; Sunday, 8.29; Monday, 8.30; Tuesday, 8.32.

Cycling is becoming more than mere wheeling through suburban lanes, with an occasional jaunt into the real country. Excitement is now demanded. Bicycle polo is really coming to the front this summer.



MASTER MARTIN MOSES, AN ARMENIAN, IS THE YOUNGEST BICYCLIST IN BENGAL.

Photo by Harrington, Calcutta.

Polo is exciting, but also it's an enormously expensive pastime. Special wheels are built for polo, but, when two fiery players dash into one another—well, even the strongest machines are likely to be injured. Still, there are cycle-races which could be thrilling without much danger. Two suggestions have come from India. The first is a tennis-ball race. Competitors, with sticks—walking-sticks or polo-sticks cut down—are to mount, without assistance, twenty-five yards behind a line on which a tennis-ball will be placed, one for each competitor, and they are to drive their ball round a post and back to the starting-point. The second suggestion is an umbrella-race, for ladies only. The competitors, with closed umbrellas, are to mount without assistance and ride round the course, the umbrella to be opened before passing the first fifty-yard point, and closed again after passing the last fifty-yard point. These are events which might well be introduced into bicycle gymkhana.

Quite an interesting sight is to be witnessed on fine afternoons in the Royal Botanic Gardens, at Regent's Park. Several Celestials connected with the Chinese Legation are there cycling, in flapping satin trousers, blue silk jackets, red buttons in their hats, and with their queues swinging loose. And, they cycle remarkably well; indeed, Chinamen, strange as it may seem, are splendid cyclists. They are so good that in Shanghai they have made life quite a terror to the ordinary humdrum pedaller. With hands off, yelling excitedly, and swaying their arms, they "scorch" along the Maloo at a break-neck, care-for-nothing speed. One idiot even removes the handle-bar and spins along holding it over his head. The Shanghai police ought to be as severe on these public dangers as the Kingston constables are on the ordinary "scorchers." It is not right, when ladies are going for their afternoon spin towards the Bubbling-Well Road, as many of the British ladies in Shanghai do, to have their pleasure spoiled by these mad Chinamen. The point, however, is that the Chinaman has taken to cycling almost feverishly, and he's never so delighted as when riding a high-gearred, long-cranked, latest-patterned wheel. Who can now say he is antagonistic to all Western innovations?

A correspondent writes and asks me whether it is proper or improper to ride "hands off." "Is the practice really dangerous, and would you say a person who does it merely wants to 'show off'?" Now, riding "hands off" implies a certain amount of skill, and I know cyclists who can ride better "hands off" than many cyclists with hands on. But, so far as you haven't got the same control over your machine as you have by holding the handle-bars, the practice is dangerous. I never ride "hands off" in traffic, and I'm inclined to think that the man who does desires to "show off." Yet, all the same, I believe in riding "hands off." Every week I ride dozens of miles that way. When I'm in the country, and gliding along a pleasant lane, it is a delightful and refreshing rest to release your arms and sit upright. It relieves the body from a cramped position, and you breathe freer. I would advise everybody to learn riding "hands off" when in the country, but not to practise it where there is traffic.

A few weeks ago I suggested in this page that Mr. Akers-Douglas, as First Commissioner of Works, should allow cycling to continue in

Hyde Park till two o'clock in the afternoon, because the present stopping hour of twelve sent many cyclists home an hour and a-half before lunch, when they would gladly spend the time wheeling. I am now pleased to report that Mr. Akers-Douglas is inclined to fall in with the suggestion, and very shortly you may expect to see an official notification that Hyde Park is open till two for cyclists.

Members of Parliament often get a laugh from the way the Chairman of Committees, when suddenly called upon to preside, dives behind the Speaker's chair, and then instantly, like a quick-change artist, appears in evening-dress, whereas about sixty seconds before he was in morning costume. Mr. Graham Murray, however, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, is doing his best to oust Mr. Lowther from the position as the premier of quick-changers. Mr. Murray usually rides down to St. Stephen's in a grey tweed suit and astride his bicycle. He runs the machine into a corner, and then disappears down a passage. Immediately, as though he were doing it for a wager, he makes a reappearance spick-and-span in frock-coat, grey trousers, neat cravat, and silk hat. How he does it is one of those Parliamentary mysteries that astonish the outsider.

The storage of bicycles in Paris during the winter months is expensive. So a great many Parisians pawn their machines in the Mont-de-Piété, or State pawnshop. The interest paid on the advance of money is very small, and is a great saving on what would be paid for storage. Besides, as the pawnshops cannot say for certain that the bicycles will be reclaimed, they have to keep them in good order, so that they will fetch a satisfactory price should they be placed on the market. This is certainly the most ingenious device I have read of for a long time.

Very curious are some of the names given to cycling clubs. In America there is a club called the Unknown Wheelmen. When I was riding through Japan, I had dinner one night with the Yokohama Unreliables. Fine, jolly fellows they were. In Yokohama the principal cycling club is the Reliance, composed largely of Americans. As a mild satire, a group of Britishers made themselves into a club and christened themselves the Unreliables. They have drawn up a set of ridiculously amusing rules. A member is at once expelled if he ever pays a subscription; the same fate is supposed to await anybody who doesn't fall off at least once within every fifty yards. Indeed, the pass-word of the club is "Damimoff," which, with proper pronunciation, records a not infrequent expression of the members. The badge of the club is a shield showing a broken wheel and a bottle supposed to contain milk, and the inscription beneath is, "Dum spiro, spero" ("While I breathe, I hope").

Then, at Kobe, there is the Beachcombers' Cycling Club. A beachcomber is a lazy ruffian who prowls round Pacific ports seeking work and praying to Providence he may never find it. So, with a touch of humour, many of the good folks of Kobe who cycle have dubbed themselves by this sarcastic name. I believe there is really only one ordinary member of the Kobe Beachcombers; all the others are officers with positively startling titles. British wheelmen away out in the realm of the Mikado, though thousands of miles from the Old Country, do manage to have a good time. They are a warm-hearted crowd, and I often think of their cordial hospitality.

The word "coasting," which, on the face of it, seems so inapplicable to cycling, is from the American slang word "coast"—that is, to slide down snow or ice on a sledge.

J. F. F.



READY FOR A DRIVE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The presence of royalty at Chester Races will give the popular old meeting another good lift, and Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, who has done so much to improve this fixture, is to be congratulated on his latest slice of luck. The Chester Cup is not the race it was; indeed, as an ante-post betting medium, it has been a failure for the last ten years.

However, the local people continue to flock to the course in their thousands to see the race run for, and the "gate" shows no signs of diminishing. The race this year should be a very interesting one. At the same time, I cannot see what is to beat Chubb, if he can only act round the tea-saucer course. It will, by-the-bye, be interesting to see how Sloan will ride round the old course, which has puzzled many good jockeys before to-day.

Perhaps the most popular meeting held anywhere in the London district is the Jubilee fixture at Kempton Park. I learn from Mr. Walter Hyde that arrangements are completed to accommodate a record crowd on Friday and Saturday. The Members' Enclosure will represent a miniature Botanical Garden, and the Park is looking at its very best just now, as the herbage is green and the trees

and shrubs are in full bloom. For the Jubilee Stakes there will be a big field of the best handicap performers in the country. Survivor, on his Epsom running, has a big chance, and the best of Robinson's lot, which I take to be Bridegroom, will go close. Another dangerous stable is Sam Darling's, but, from information received, I shall now declare in favour of Knight of the Thistle. The Royal Plate for two-year-olds is a valuable race, and it should take some winning. Galtee Queen and Porqui are, I am told, very useful youngsters, and they may go close if sent to the post. The former is a sister to Galtee More.

Many of the young plunger who have been having a bit extra on have nearly come to the end of their tether, and we shall hear of missing accounts presently. I am told, however, that the bulk of the money has really been lost at cards and billiards, and not over horse-racing. The decoy-ducks, who are men of good social position, have found numberless pigeons of late, and it seems that it is actually the decoys who lose the money made at cards to the bookmakers. There are two or three well-known habitués of the course who can be relied on to make sufficient over billiards and cards to settle their betting debts with, and the story is told of one big plunger who some years back was financed by the bookmakers in his card transactions to help him to get enough to settle his betting debts, and, what is more, he made sufficient at the card-tables in two nights to pay off all he owed to members of Tattersall's Ring; but how did the bookies get on with the poor plungers who lost their money over cards?

The Sloan fever has abated somewhat, but the bookmakers still fight shy of laying against horses ridden by the American jockey. Sloan is a level-headed jockey, and he rides to win all the time; but I think he should decline always to ride horses that he knows nothing about. Let the other jockeys guide the animals with no book-form to recommend them. Sloan could afford to wait until horses have some form to make them worth riding before taking the mounts. Of the American it can justly be said that he rides every time to win, but the same cannot be truthfully uttered in referring to some of our champion pullers. The more winners the American rides, the more money backers will make. Therefore, it behoves Sloan to stand down when he thinks a horse has little or no chance of being victorious. If the horse is good enough to win, Sloan is good enough to ride him; but even the American could not make some of the wretches that there are in training win races.

Flying Fox won the Two Thousand in grand style, and I cannot now see what is to beat the Kingsclere colt in the Derby, as Birkenhead is not by any means fit, and it is sure the French colt Holoëaste will now take his chance for the French Derby before running at Epsom. All, therefore, looks plain sailing for the Duke of Westminster's colt, who is a smasher; but I must sound a warning note with regard to the St. Leger. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Birkenhead will furnish into a beautiful colt by the time September has arrived, and I should not be in

the least surprised if he were to follow up the victory gained for the stable by Wildfowler last year. He is a fine, upstanding colt, with a big barrel; what the late John Scott would have termed a "good big 'un."

A certain country engraver informs me that he has just protected an idea of his for printing the names of horses on a tin plate such a size that they could be read five hundred yards off, and he thinks owners might patronise the wrinkle. But I am afraid the idea is not workable, as owners do not want to be bothered with names while Clerks of Courses provide their lads with number-badges. However, my correspondent mentions another reform that might well be adopted by Clerks of Courses. He suggests that boys leading horses in the paddock should wear on one arm the name of the trainers of the animals under their charge. This would, I think, be a really good idea, as so many people want to know who are the trainers.

I note with pleasure that Lord Russell of Killowen finds time occasionally to run down to Kingsclere to get a glimpse of John Porter's horses at work. His lordship is a fine judge of horseflesh, but he made a mistake in not buying Bendigo when he could have got him at something less than £200. Lord Brampton, seemingly, has deserted the racecourse altogether. Mr. Justice Bucknill and Mr. Justice Grantham are both good sportsmen who like to view a point-to-point, or an Ascot Cup, for that matter. But the lawyers, as a body, do not support racing very much—I mean, they do not own many horses. It is the big City men who dabble in racing, and who find the bulk of the money that is required to keep the game alive, although many members of our old nobility do not hesitate to stick to their guns, or rather, their horses.

CAPTAIN COE.

CRICKET.

The naval cadets at Dartmouth will have, probably, the finest cricket-ground in the West of England to play on this season. In the plans of the new College the Admiralty included generous provision for all kinds of sports; in fact, the facilities will be superior to those of most public schools. The extensive grounds of the new College are now being laid out, and the actual site of the College has been cleared of the farm-houses and other buildings. The erection of the handsome blocks of the new establishment will be commenced very shortly. The cadets will certainly not have reason to complain of want of room. The College will be lighted by electricity; there will be an elaborate system of telephones and speaking-tubes to enable the Captain—at present the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe—the other officers, and the teaching staff to communicate with all parts of the establishment, and the whole building will be heated throughout by hot-water pipes. What would Nelson and his contemporaries have said to such pampering, for that is probably what they would have called it? The Admiralty have decided not to remove from her familiar moorings in the River Dart the old wooden wall, the *Britannia*, which has been the training-place of executive naval officers for over thirty years, and for which, therefore, they have an affection. The *Hindostan*, the sister-ship which was joined on to the *Britannia* several years ago to increase the accommodation, will be sent to the ship-breakers, or, at any rate, the River Dart will know it no more. The *Britannia* will be used for accommodating many of the seamen and others attached to the College. The new establishment will be known as "The Britannia Royal Naval College."

FOOTBALL.

The Victoria (British Columbia) Rugby Football Club has a record which it is proud of, namely, nine matches, 136 points to nil.



THE VICTORIA RUGBY TEAM WERE THE CHAMPIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA IN 1898-9.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Those women who, according to the latest mandates of fashion, renounce their superfluous skirts, so as to appear correctly and fashionably dressed, must have had a rather chilly time of it during the past week of winds



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A REGAL DINNER-GOWN.

and weather, for comfort and the present fashion are most emphatically at dire issue with each other.

There is, indeed, something almost shocking to the bucolic and pastoral mind about the swathing lines which now so unequivocally reveal the entire figure of a fashionable woman. To say so is rank treason, of course, against that most autocratic of all Sovereigns, Dame Fashion, but it is also undeniably true.

Our innate tendency during this present summer will be towards slenderness of effect, and consequently very few women but those in possession of well-rounded tall figures can be seen to any sort of advantage.

As a matter of fact, in Paris the modish Madame has of late docked herself of every possible morsel of inside drapery which it is given her to discard, and wears her frocks "Neat," to quote a big man-milliner, over combinations or long woven vests which reach to the knee, where they are joined by lace or silk flounces that are not properly petticoats, but a semi-demi edition of same.

Of course, this new skirt, fitted, as it is, without a single wrinkle over the back, when trailing a foot or two in length over green lawn or velvet-pile carpet, is all very well; but how about the half-attempted, half-accomplished version of the suburban dressmaker, who just misses the right curves and grows creases in the wrong places? Then indeed a drastic *dénouement* is obvious. The new dresses in her hands become deeds of disaster instead of things of beauty, and there is much gnashing of teeth over disappointed ambitions. Women who are compelled by the exigencies of pocket-money, or the want of it, to go thus far afiel

for their fashions should prudently deny themselves the delight of being in the very last cry; but will they? The answer is obvious—they will not. Vanity, it is to be feared, is too prominently developed in the female constitution, even when brought up in the remotest suburbs, to admit of any middle course in fashion, and we shall doubtless see deplorable versions of what a sporting woman at Newmarket last week called the Meat-Safe Costume on all sides before very long.

If the elements would only allow it, all these pretty light cloths which have been evolved for this season would at once come strongly into evidence. Many fascinating versions have been lying in wait, all made and ready, for weeks past, but the rain and wind will not have it so. With hot weather, when it comes, we shall also develop costumes of those new and charming poplinettes, which are so light and soft, and have, at the same time, the smarter look which silk always owns.

Crêpes and very thin cashmeres are again immensely in the movement of clothes, and for evening wear we are to be as diaphanous and airy-fairy as even the poet's Lilian could possibly have been, were she appropriately frocked, which, reading between the lines, I conclude she was not.

All our new ball-gowns are less ample at the hem of the skirt than was allowable last month. But below the knee they take a very bouffant appearance still, by the aid of crisp tulle or chiffon flounces over pinked-out silk. A smart dance nowadays is, indeed, neither more nor less than an object-lesson in anatomy. Every dress fits so closely about the limbs of its wearer as far down as the knee, where it flows out in a fall of



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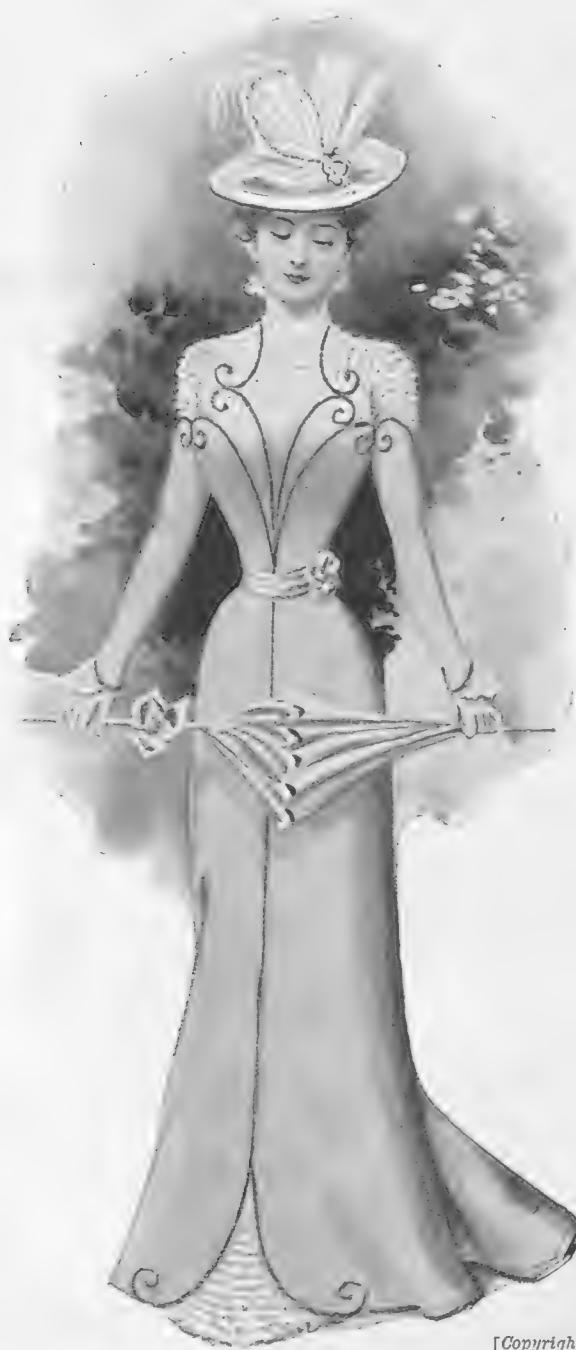
A CHARMING DESIGN.

material, allowing full play for twinkling feet, but giving a somewhat distinct view of the curves and lines of beauty. I trust—I do indeed trust—that we may not altogether hark back to Napoleonic days, when the dainty damsel, standing before the fire or between the light, her too flimsy draperies scarcely left anything to the imagination.

Those charming white blouses of dainty linen or cambric, very

much incrusted with medallions or strappings of lace, which will be so generally worn when the hot weather is a thing accomplished, are amongst the best of our present styles. Laborious and wondrous handiwork is expended on these morning-shirts, as they are called, and the tuckings and veinings displayed are the effect of much patient and, one hopes, not ill-paid labour. Those which are covered with a lattice-work of Valenciennes insertion are as pretty as any; they will be worn over thin coloured silk. Other varieties have true-lovers' knots worked on in lines.

With the advent of this month we shall be shaking the dust of social dulness from our shoes very rapidly, and dining, dancing, and a good deal of giving in marriage will stand on the order of our day's doings. A forthcoming bride, who hails from the Emerald Isle, intends to depart from the conventional unmixed white of weddings generally, and is to have sprays of shamrock worked in pale-green silk on her bridal frock, thus not only departing from tyrannical colourless tradition, but



A SIMPLE FROCK IN APPLE-GREEN CLOTH.

even braving the ancient superstition which makes green, no matter how æsthetic its tone, distinctly unlucky. Her six bridesmaids are to be copies of the famous Gainsborough—white muslin, blue sashes, and black Devonshire hats, with pink roses tucked under the brim. Two tiny pages, dressed in pale green, will hold up the bride's train.

One of the ball-dresses for Lady Savile Crossley's ball at the Savoy on the 11th was shown to me yesterday by its owner, who has just returned from shopping in Paris. It is a clever combination of daffodil-yellow and the green of the spikes, which make the foliage of the flower. The over-dress of green has incrustations of black Chantilly lace, through which the under-dress of daffodil chiffon shows. The foundation of white silk has flounces of both colours to the knee. The sleeves are mere straps of flowers, one being of foliage and the other a row of daffodils.

The milliners, who always work in conjunction with the hairdressers, are also trying hard to impose the fashion of those large "Capelines" of a past period on their customers; and, though intrinsically ugly, one is bound to admit that their feathers and furbelows harmonise with the frizzing poufs and curled locks of the Restoration period.

Harking back to details, small women should by all means encourage the wearing of those long tunics and polonaises which are now so much in fashion. While diminishing the outlines of a rotund figure, they add undeniably to its height, and are for them a very saving clause in the sum-total of our present much-trimmed modes. One done by Jay's which is to be worn at the Chicester Race-meeting I saw tried on by its owner yesterday. It triumphantly vindicated the power of Art over inches—or the want of them. The stuff was of silver-grey poplinette, made tunic-fashion and bordered with stitched bands. The upper part of the corsage included a sort of fichu set round the shoulders cape-fashion, and with turned-back lapels. The skirt, made long and tight, was trimmed, like the tunic, with bands of stitching, a broad buckle finishing it at the waist behind.

All the new skirts are, by the way, cut on the cross, so as to obtain the necessary fulness at the bottom, which thus gives a certain ease to the material of which they are composed.

Women who have not been well endowed by Dame Nature in the matter of rounded shoulders and perfect arms must feel that life has its chequered aspects when they go out of an evening nowadays, for this is emphatically a time of little, growing less, in the matter of evening draperies, and we have almost arrived already at the vanishing point in sleeves. There is, of course, still the lace or net sleeve to fall back upon, and for its charity, which hath covered so many sins of omission, some of us are indeed grateful.

But, meanwhile, our *grande tenue* grows scantier and still more scanty, and, when a very well-known and witty woman declared the other day to a select coterie that sneezing would be impossible while the present fashion of evening-dress lasted, she summed up the situation exactly. Who with a shoulder-strap of pearls or a wisp of chiffon in her latest confection would dare to indulge in influenza, for example? I make no doubt, indeed, but that the fiend will fly abashed when he views the possible consequences of his presence.

One old fashion that we revert to with much satisfaction to ourselves and our friends generally is the use of delicate and dainty perfumes, and it is as modish for a smart woman to diffuse fragrance from the folds of her dress nowadays as, a dozen years back, the cant of fashion made scents and essences anathema. To the consideration of fashionable women in this connection should be particularly mentioned the Müllens series of perfumes, to whose dépôt in Bond Street we are indebted for an introduction to the sweetness and light of "Rhine Violets" and "Maréchal Niel" and various other delicious essences and versions of the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. That these delicate and favourite perfumes have done much to popularise the fashion of sweet scents once more among the fair there is no possible doubt, while Eau-de-Cologne, under their auspices, has risen from its status of being a merely pleasant pungent water into the first rank of excellence as an essence.

A few of the leading Paris dressmakers, among whom we may particularly enrol Paquin, are now bringing into vogue—or, more correctly, have brought—a reproduction of Louis XVI. costumes, modernising them according to their own code of artistic inwardness. The corsage, or short vest of 1787, with which we are becoming familiar again, is in reality the grandmother of the short existing bolero. The lapels and smart jockey epaulettes which are at present fashionable for evening-frocks are, again, of the Marie Antoinette period, so are the tight-fitting sleeves, while even our much-trimmed shepherdess hat is but an evolution of the old *bergère*, which was, if possible, more loaded with trimmings than at the present moment.

The genius of the modern milliner has, in fact, taken these best points of a somewhat ugly period, and welded them into a very personable whole. A graceful deshabille is, in fact, generally speaking, a leading feature of this year's outdoor summer-gowns, and, though we are not yet ready for a return to the pseudo-classic short waists, the whole tendency of our present fashion leads up to them.

In Paris, where they are even more influenced by the theatre in matters of costume than are we over here, all the smart women have gone temporarily mad over reviving the costumes and head-dress of the "First Empire," particularly since Madame Réjane has posed in her ravishing part of de Lavalette. This style of hair-dressing is known as "*à Marteaux*"; but the fashion is a trying one, for, though flat bandeaux may suit the woman of regular features, a more mignon style of face requires one's hair puffed fully about the face.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINNET (Wimbledon).—The address is Kinska, 168, Piccadilly, for smart, inexpensive millinery. I am sorry not to have been able to reply through post.

ABOYNE.—Madame Rose Leigh is the Paris beauty-doctor. I will get you her address.

MATILDE.—Have you tried Peter Robinson? If not, do so.

SYBIL.

A movement has been set on foot in Manchester amongst University people for the establishment of a Hall of Residence for women students. The inconvenience of living at a distance, together with the want of a social centre of college life, have long been felt as disadvantages by those who have enjoyed the educational privileges of the University. So far, the scheme has met with great success. A Council has been formed for the control of the new Hall, consisting of the Principal and many of the Professors of the Owens College, besides Miss Julia Gaskell, Miss C. P. Scott, Miss Burstall, and other prominent citizens, both men and women. Of the £3300 considered necessary to the undertaking, £2425 has already been received by the Treasurer, Professor Alexander.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There has been a good supply of money, and rates for short loans have been moderate. The feature of the week has been the magnificent success of the Egyptian Irrigation loan, of which we spoke in terms of

the highest praise last week. The ruck of promotions may have done badly; but when anything of a really sound and attractive nature is offered, the scramble for it gets keener every month.

In the Stock Markets, interest has centred in the Copper gamble and gold-mines. As to the former, we can only say that those who join at present prices must run considerable risks, with the chance of moderate profits; but many of the best-informed people are still buying, and on any temporary set-back, in our opinion, it is a fair speculative risk to buy Copper shares, for the "corner" is being worked by strong people, and is not by any means played out



MR. T. F. DOLLMAN.
CITY EDITOR OF THE "ECHO" AND "MORNING HERALD."

Photo by Schutte, Fleet Street, E.C.

yet. Before these lines are in print, Mr. Rhodes will have made the speech for which the "bulls" of Chartered are going; most likely, after all, it will not be so "bullish" as some people expect.

From all we can hear, the most promising speculative investments in the Yankee Market at the moment are Alabama, New Orleans, Texas, and Pacific Junction Railway "B" and "C" bonds. Some months ago, we called our readers' attention to these securities when they stood at about 70 and 27 respectively, and, now that the price is 86 and 36, we again say that, for a speculative lock-up, they appear about the cheapest thing we know of.

So many people are forever asking to be advised as to a cheap mine, that we feel inclined to say that Hall Mines, Limited, at about $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$, are strongly recommended to us for a gamble. The information comes from a reliable source, and we give it to those of our readers who are prepared to run a reasonable risk.

Our portrait this week is of Mr. T. F. Dollman, the Financial Editor of the *Morning Herald* and the *Echo*. Mr. Dollman started his journalistic career upon the staff of the *Western Mail*, in Cardiff, and was for years a leader-writer and acting editor of a London financial paper. His crisp notes and sound financial acumen have made the City columns of the *Echo* quite a feature of the paper, and his recent connection with the *Morning Herald* has already improved the Stock Exchange intelligence of that paper out of all knowledge.

AMERICAN RAILS.

The Yankee Market is passing through a stage of suspended animation, natural enough when one considers the boom it has enjoyed quite lately. Wall Street, moreover, has had its attention largely absorbed by the Copper gamble, and for the time being is apparently careless about its usual favourites in the Railroad list. So far as intrinsic values are concerned, prices in the Yankee Market are probably within a few dollars of their utmost worth; but, of course, merits don't count for much in the non-dividend-paying descriptions.

Business in London has been reduced to very narrow limits, for speculators have withdrawn their allegiance from Yankees in favour of West Australians and Rhodesians, where the more active markets afford a better opportunity of making quick profits. Between the Mining camps of the Stock Exchange and the American Market exists a keen rivalry for business, since it has come to be recognised as an almost infallible rule that the House cannot run more than one "boom" at a time. The West Australian "boom" must surely be within sight of the end, whatever Stock Exchange men may say, and the absurdly inflated prices attained by the principal Rhodesians are not very likely to attain still more exalted proportions. Kaffirs are again in the throes of political agitation, so that it would appear that the American Market stands a very good chance of becoming popular in a short time, with a little judicious lead from New York to open the revival.

Another reason which leads us to look for a speedy rise in Yankees is the fact that the Americans have not yet begun to unload—to any appreciable extent—those thousands and thousands of shares which went across the Atlantic by every steamer during the winter. The relapse which has occurred from the highest prices touched this year has been more due to the absence of business than to any stream of selling such

as usually marks the turn of the tide in Wall Street. It seems almost as though the Yankees were not sufficiently satisfied with the present level of prices to turn out the stock which they took so freely from us, and appearances point to another advance being engineered in order to "let out" our cousins at the top.

We have, on one or two occasions, drawn attention to the prospect of a rise in Erie shares and in Erie First Preference, and these two are still worth watching. Union Pacific Common and Preference will most likely go much better, and Atchison Preference are strongly recommended in certain quarters. Last month we were counselling a purchase of Norfolks at 20. They touched 22 a few days ago, and it is a safe rule to take a profit. Canadas—that old favourite of ours at 90—have been 7½ points higher, and are likely to reach par.

MEXICAN RAILS AND TRUNKS.

We were delighted when Mexican Firsts were run up to 97½ last week, because we had mentioned them as good for par when the price was considerably lower, and it is satisfactory to feel that readers of *The Sketch* do get a good tip sometimes, our conservative ideas leading us to exercise great caution in the matter of giving advice, as a rule. That the price will eventually touch 100 we have little doubt; but, of course, the stock is an extremely speculative one. The market has been good, partly owing to a trifling rise in silver that has occurred, and partly because some of the old supporters of Mexican Rails profess to see a coming rise in Mexican things as a whole. With this latter view our own opinion is more consonant, and to sell the stocks now would, we think, be a pity. At the same time, the First Preference stock is not likely to go much over par, and there seems, as a speculation, more scope for a rise in the Second Preference, which stands in the neighbourhood of 40.

It is said in the Stock Exchange that a rise in Mexican Rails is sure to be followed by one in Grand Trunk stocks, and *vice versa*. The Trunk Market seems to have lost its charms for a while, and the number of transactions recorded there grows smaller and beautifully less each day. Its jobbers are emigrating to fresh fields and pastures new, but there is life in the old Trunk yet, and the "bulls" are still full of hope. It is, however, difficult to see one's way in that department for the present, and until events begin to shape more decisively one way or the other speculators should leave a dull market alone. For an investor, the 4 per cent. "Guaranteed" stock (as it is called) looks reasonably cheap, returning as it does over 4½ per cent. upon the purchase-price.

KAFFIRS.

The celerity with which South African polities are hurried off the stage when Kaffirs are "booming" is only equalled by the promptitude with which they reappear when the market quiets down. It was only last January that even the magic word "Reform" was sunk, in the market's eager haste to prove how bright and beautiful everything was on the Rand, the public meanwhile nibbling with more freedom at the shares which it had so long neglected. That particular "boomlet" has come and gone, and once more the bears stalk abroad with lugubrious faces, talking of meetings at the mines for the purpose of endorsing the Great Uitlander Petition, and pointing to the silent protest of the South African League at its Congress meeting the other day. There is nothing new about the situation; everyone knows that, until Krugerism is over, the mining industry will never come into its rights, and that it must simply make the best of a bad job, as it has done for years past, missing no opportunity of obtaining those smaller reforms whose aggregate has undoubtedly benefited the companies to no small extent within the last few years.

The British public are, however, not "taking any" Kaffirs for the present. Even that issue of Debentures in T. W. Beckett and Co., made a fortnight ago, fell flat, and we believe that the underwriters were severely hit, although the security is unimpeachable and the bonds form an excellent investment. But—it was a South African business, and the company was registered under Transvaal laws, so the public declined the tempting offer. Quiet times, however, are good for laying in stock cheaply, and we are assured that the purchaser of half-a-dozen good dividend-yielding South Africans will reap a rich reward when the inevitable swing of the pendulum brings the Kaffir Circus into prominence again. Prices may go lower before the swing comes, but to get in at quite bed-rock is seldom possible. There is nothing to indicate any reason for a slump in Kaffirs, but we look for quiet days for a while, until the political atmosphere clears again, as it is pretty sure to do after a time.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Good morning, old man. How are—Oh, I say, have you sold your Anacondas?"

"Got rid of half of them at 13½ last Thursday," replied The Stockbroker, as he placed his hat and umbrella in the rack; "and made £5 a share on them. That's good enough for me, and the other hundred shares can run a little longer."

"What do they say about Tintos and Anaconda in the Market?" queried the first speaker. "Would you advise me to sell a few hundred? My last 'bear' of Tintos owes me a good deal of money, you know." The Copper Merchant heaved a sigh that expressed a ten-point rise at least.

"Well, I think they're a bit frightened of dealing either way just now," answered The Stockbroker. "Fact is, you know, it's such a tricky market that some of those jobbers won't make you a price at all. They insist upon your giving them an order—telling them what you want to

do, you know—before they will deal with you. Can't say I blame them either, because both Tintos and Anacondas jump ten bob before you know where you are, and then—"

"But what about the Copper Combine—?" The Man of Metal broke in upon his friend's technicalities with some impatience. "Surely the Stock Exchange knows that the Combine is going to raise the price of copper to £100 per ton, and that Anacondas are predicted as safe for as many dollars in New York? There's nothing to laugh at, Mr. Silentcells," he added with some asperity, as he caught sight of a quiet smile on the face of a passenger who hitherto had listened to the conversation without speaking. The challenge, however, was at once accepted, and he, still smiling, remarked—

"So you think that the Combiners—if I may coin a word—would tell everybody, do you, when they wanted to raise the price of Copper shares? Why, my dear fellow, it's exactly what they would be most chary of doing. They didn't tell the papers they were buying when they picked up all the shares they could lay hands on some six months back, when prices were about half what they are to-day. But now that they control the market, and have got all the shares they are likely to, of course they want everyone to think they are still buying, because it will make everybody buy these Copper things as well. Why, I would rather have West Australians than Rios or Anaconda."

"Needn't turn up your nose at Kangaroos," chimed in The Agent-General, who flattered himself upon being up to all Throgmorton Street slang. "Don't you believe that the boom is over, gentlemen. Some of the things have hardly started to move yet, and a Stock Exchange man was telling me only yesterday that the French people were beginning to take a hand in the market, and you know what happened to Kaffirs when Paris began to take a hand in them. So far as the high-priced things are concerned, perhaps the rise has been done for as much as it is worth; but you pick out some of the cheap things situated in good positions, and put them away for a month or so. My Lord Stockbroker will tell us the best thing for a quick rise, I have no doubt; eh, sir?"

"Le Rois," promptly replied the House man.

A general look of surprise went round the carriage. "Le Rois?" inquired The Banker with such an air of interest that The Stockbroker immediately told him not to sell his yet. "Of course," he continued, "it is not a West Australian at all, but it's in that market, you know, and everybody there says they will go to 15 after the Special Settlement. So far as the prospectus went, I did not like it a bit, but, judging from the appearance of the market, I should hold the shares if I had any. They look as though they meant to put them much better."

"But why do you brokers always pick out things that have had a stiff rise, and advise people to buy shares like that, instead of putting us into something which nobody notices at present, but which will be really 'booming' in a few weeks' time?" The Banker paused, and looked round to see who would be bold enough to solve this eternal Stock Exchange conundrum. There was a few seconds' interval, and then The Stockbroker spoke, with a little hesitation—

"Well—you see—don't you know, when a market like the Copper or West Australian is 'booming,' it is easy—at least, it's not so difficult—to put your finger on those shares that appear to be the most strongly backed at the moment. And clients like it, too. Now, when I told you to go and buy Chartered, the last time they put our morning confab. in that beastly *Sketch*, you thought I was a doddering idiot, because the shares were pretty nearly dead. Look at 'em now: been ten shillings above what I told you to buy them at, and you ought to thank your constellations that you had the sense to take my judgment instead of your own. Now, I should advise you to sell those Chartered. They are pretty sure to go to 3½ again, and then you will have another chance of a cut at them."

"What is your latest tip?" ironically demanded The Metal Merchant, as he gathered his papers round him preparatory to alighting. "Anything in my line?"

"Yes. Buy yourself some Sulphides Reduction at eight shillings, or some Wireless Telegraphys at seven pounds; put them away in your box, and wait. What off? Good-bye. See you to-morrow."

GROCERY.

While the eyes of the investing public are turned towards William Whiteley, and everybody is 'agog' for the most sensational grocery promotion of modern times, a new trade paper has just been published by Messrs. Haywood and Co.—which is another name for the great advertising firm of Walter Judd and Co.—and, to inaugurate the first number of *Grocery*, an attack on the financial aspect of Lipton, Limited, is placed in the forefront. The article is an able exposition of the methods to demonstrate the inflated price of any shares, but contains no new or original facts. Sir Thomas Lipton, according to the *Grocery* young man, is a very smart fellow, and as, only a few months ago, he valued his business at £2,466,666, why, then, should it be worth, at the market price of the shares and debentures, £4,600,000 to-day? In the first place, Sir Thomas took a large part of his purchase-money in shares, and so sold cheap; in the second, since the company was formed, a flourishing wine-and-spirit business has been created; and in the third, everybody knows that things have prospered in the way of general trade with Sir Thomas Lipton's great venture. We do not say that all the rise in price has been justified; but, with the public in its present mood, money cheap, and very few remunerative investments offering, it appears very likely that the present price of nearly £3 a share for Lipton's Ordinary shares may yet be improved

upon. For the May issue of our youthful contemporary we are promised an article on the financial aspects of Lovell and Christmas, Limited.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE BENEVOLENT FUND.

Established in 1801, the year in which was laid the foundation-stone of the House itself, the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund has reached a state of prosperity that is known to few other funds for charitable objects. Its income last year alone amounted to £22,384, of which it expended £16,149 in annuities and grants to distressed members of the House and their families. The Society depends largely for its support upon its annual dinner, usually held in May; and Thursday, May 4, has been selected as the dinner-date this year. It is hoped that the subscriptions will amount to quite as much as they did in 1898, when, under the chairmanship of Mr. Montague Barron, the stewards announced their aggregate collection as £14,213 12s. 6d. It is also to be hoped that on this occasion the enthusiastic gentleman who, a few years ago, when responding to the toast of "Prosperity to the Fund," expressed his ardent wish that it might be "as successful in the past as it had been in the future," will control the exuberance of his post-prandial spirits and add an extra contribution to the cash receipts in lieu of assisting with eloquence controlled not wisely nor too well.

Saturday, April 29, 1899.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FAIRPLAY.—It is beyond us to say why your inquiries have been answered in the way you state. We give no opinion on the shares, for obvious reasons.

R. A. S.—The reconstruction is the subject of litigation in the Law Courts. We do not believe it is legal, or that it can be carried out. Consult a solicitor versed in company matters, and take steps to become a dissentient shareholder should the matter be decided in favour of the company.

JOHNIES.—(1) Yes. You will probably find a chance of selling if the "boom" lasts. (2) Yes, all speculative. (3) As a gamble, not bad; but see our general remarks on Kaffirs.

A. W. R.—We have no special information, but advise no dealings. Why cannot you do your business through a member of the Stock Exchange?

BREWERY.—(1) It is quite a speculation as to whether the company turns out better later on. After the heavy fall, we should see it out. Hall Mines, Limited, might suit you.

O. K.—We do not advise purchase, as the concern appears very heavily capitalised; but, of course, it is very respectable. The prospectus appeared in March 1898.

INCERTUS.—The shares are, we think, quite unsaleable, and we advise you to look upon the thing as a bad debt. Your only chance of getting rid of the shares would be to offer a big commission to some outside tout to dispose of them for you.

OWL.—A bad egg.

RICHMOND.—Either of the securities you name would do, or Imperial Continental Gas Stock. The New Egyptian Irrigation Loan would have been the very thing. If the money were our own, we should wait, and apply for Whiteley debentures when the issue is made this month.

AMY.—(1) Hold for the present. (2) Ditto. (3) Very good, but high enough; quite easy to deal in. (4) Very good stock. (5) Ditto, but not so easily marketable. (6) Very good. (7) The line is an improving one. There is no reason to sell. (8) Both investments are very good, but we should prefer Egyptian Irrigation Loan or Gas Light and Coke A Stock to either. If you want a little higher interest, buy Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock.

J. W. Benson, Limited, notify that the interest warrants of the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares have been posted.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, of which Sir William Marling, Bart., is the chairman, owing to the increased public demand, have entered into contracts for a further extension of their premises. Over fifty strong-rooms and steel vaults are to be added to the Safe Deposit, which is already the largest in the world.

We are asked to state that the Anglo-French Quicksilver and Mining Concession (Kwei-Chau Province) of China, Limited, are advised by telegram, via Paris, that the transfer of the Ouen-chang-chiang Mines has been regularly executed by the local authorities, and that the appearance of the mines is in every way satisfactory.

Dividend warrants for the half-year's distributions on the 6 per cent. Preference Shares of Mellin's Food Company for Australia and New Zealand, Limited, and the 5 per cent. Preference Shares of the *Lady's Pictorial* and *Sporting and Dramatic Publishing Company*, Limited, have been posted.

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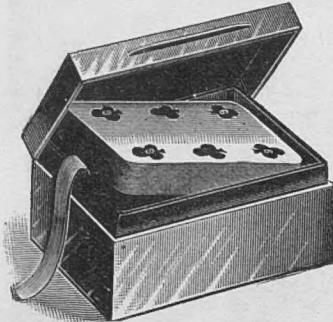
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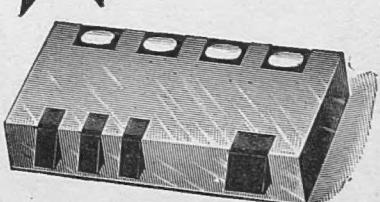
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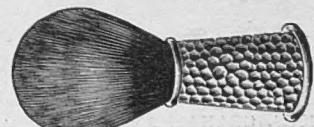
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Claret Jug, rich Pine Cut Crystal Glass.

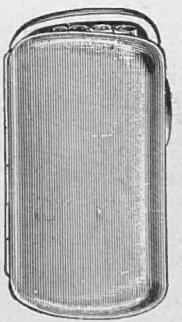


Sterling Silver Letter Clip, with beautifully Modelled Mask, Horseshoe, and Crops, on Royal Red Leather Base, £2 2s.

WEST END—

158 to 162 OXFORD ST.
LONDON, W.

ARTISTIC AND USEFUL PRESENTS.



Sterling Silver Concave Cigar Case, 4½ in. long, Heavy, £3 3s. Gold, from £22 10s. £2 5s. pair.



Sterling Silver Flower Vase, 5½ in. high, £3 3s. pair.



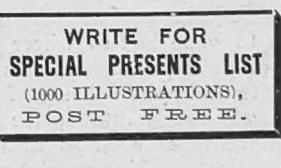
Sterling Silver Roman Lamp Cigar Lighter from the original in the British Museum £3 3s.



James I. Breakfast Cruet, in Prince's Plate, £1 10s. In Sterling Silver, £3 10s.



Round Richly Cut Glass Ink Bottle, Sterling Silver, Cushion Mount. 3½ in. high, £2 2s.; 4 in. high, £2 10s.



Sterling Silver Ash Tray, with beautifully modelled Silver Fox, £2 5s.



Round Pierced and Chased Sweetmeat Dish, 6 in. diameter. Prince's Plate, 18s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

Manufactory and Showrooms:
THE ROYAL WORKS,
NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FURNISHING.

The furnishing of a house is universally acknowledged to be, in the abstract, a delightful and fascinating task. In the concrete, however, it is too often discovered to be wearisome, bewildering, and, in the end, heart-breaking, for, after days of toil, the result falls far short of the ideal. This, of course, is obviously not as it should be, and the cause, which is not far to seek, must be sought rather in the vendor than in the buyer. For in too many cases, the dealer, whose business may fairly be termed colossal, while placing excellent wares before the public, forgets to place just one thing, and that all-important, before his customer. In a word, he loses sight of the fact that his special knowledge should be as readily placed at the buyer's service as the costly fabric, the exquisite piece of furniture. What though the salesman be everything that is courteous and obliging, if his qualifications are merely commercial; if he be not an expert, if he lack artistic feeling and the knowledge that constitutes the competent adviser, the result to the customer must be inevitably disappointing.

best style of the Restoration period—the period when French refinement began to inform the spirit of English interiors—or the plates of the delicate Louis Seize drawing-room, or, again, of the dainty boudoirs, will wish to view the originals, and from that to order something in the same manner for their own houses. It must not, however, be understood that Messrs. Graham and Banks appeal only to those who have long purses. To the client of moderate means they offer the same degree of excellence and no less of beauty, though, necessarily, there may be some modification in sumptuousness of scheme.

Among recent important developments of the firm, the most notable is that for electric-lighting. It is true that the electrician is remarkable rather for scientific skill than for artistic judgment, and that many beautiful houses lose a great deal from an inharmonious scheme of electric-lighting. Noting this, Messrs. Graham and Banks have made arrangements to supply electric installations in which the disposition and style of the fittings shall aptly harmonise with the general purpose of the furnishing and decoration. The effect, as exemplified in their model rooms, is all that could be desired.



A PANELLED HALL AT MESSRS. GRAHAM AND BANKS', 445, OXFORD STREET, W.

But, happily, one can point to some houses where the proprietors are alive to the finer issues of their profession, where trained skill and taste are ready to assist in forming the scheme of furnishing and decoration, where the heads of the house place themselves at the disposal of clients. Excellent rules such as these have guided, and still guide, the business conduct of Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street, W. There the intending purchaser has the benefit not only of personal advice from the heads of the house, but the most perfect and complete examples of artistic furnishings and decorated rooms to assist in the work of selection. And, as a first step, in order that the client may come in a measure prepared to give some definite indication of his wants (for the wealth of choice at 445, Oxford Street, cannot be compassed at a single glance), Messrs. Graham and Banks have prepared a superb illustrated album, with descriptions and prices, which will be forwarded, free of charge, to anyone and everyone who cares to write for it. The book is in itself an admirable key to styles and periods, and anyone who desires to enter upon the study of these will find it as good an introduction to the science of furnishing as one could desire. The inquirer who sees the reproductions of the oak-panelled room in the

The workshops of Messrs. Graham and Banks are deserving of special mention. In these bright and airy ateliers, the workmen, who are themselves artists, produce work of French and Chippendale design that can hold its own in beauty and quality with the best work of the eighteenth century. It is not "imitation," but the real article, as good as the original, and one day the descendants of fortunate possessors of Messrs. Graham and Banks' work will find their furniture has acquired a high historic value.

But merely to make and supply furniture of exquisite model is not the whole work of the firm. They are prepared to design, decorate, and fit out a complete interior.

As regards their more recent works, the present writer saw the designs for a wonderful private chapel which the firm has fitted up at a country residence. Choice carving and marbles combined into a beautiful harmony, making the little sanctuary a marvel of ecclesiastical architecture in moderate compass. But again, in conclusion, it may be necessary to remind the reader that Messrs. Graham and Banks, though capable of doing the utmost that wealth can procure, are yet entirely at the service of those of moderate means, to whom also they make possible the House Beautiful and the House Comfortable.